
ALCIPHRON's

EPISTLES.

ERRATA,

Page 44. l. 2. *dele* some.

49. 24. *for* Euepe *r.* Euepes.

52. 3. *r.* effeminacy.

ib. 5. *r.* nothing.

59. 4. *before* stricken, *insert* I am.

64. 1. *r.* Platylæmus.

ib. 8. *r.* *but* to a vast height, &c.

67. Note, *r.* circumstances.

69. Note 3. l. 2. *r.* τὸν αὐτὸν ὑποδισμὸν.

110. l. 10. *for* this *r.* the.



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ALCIPHRON'S

EPISTLES;

IN WHICH ARE DESCRIBED,

THE DOMESTIC MANNERS,

THE COURTESANS,

AND

PARASITES OF GREECE.

NOW FIRST TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK;

LONDON:

**Printed for G. G. J. and J. ROBINSON; LEIGH
and SOTHEY; and R. FAULDER.**

M DCC XCI,



INTRODUCTION.

THE causes from which the works of particular authors become scarce are various and opposite. It happens that by the harsh sentence of the merciless critic, one book is condemned to the meanest and most degrading offices, while another finds an asylum in the cabinets of the curious, and is preserved indeed from annihilation, but by the same means secluded from the world. Thus the worthless and the excellent are sometimes involved in the same fortune. The former worn away in servitude of the

lowest kind, dies, and is forgotten; while the latter, confined like a state prisoner whose worth and dignity are known only to his keeper, is condemned to retirement and solitude, when he is yet able to be useful to the world, and has the mortification to find that he is robbed of his reputation before he is deprived of his existence.

By an extraordinary coincidence of opposite fortunes, it has been the lot of Alciphron in his struggles for fame to encounter both these difficulties; each of which has, I believe, operated equally to his disadvantage. By the rigorous, and in my opinion unjust condemnation of criticism, he has been stigmatized as one little worthy of notice, though he has been at the same time treasured up in the libraries of literary collectors as a valuable



valuable acquisition, till, between the censures of the critics and the fondness of collectors, scarcely a copy of him can be met with ; and in searching after his works the most eager curiosity is generally disappointed.

When we offer to the English reader this translation of a work to which he can hitherto have had no introduction, and with which few even of those scholars who have made the profoundest researches into the *arcana* of literature, have had the opportunity of cultivating any acquaintance, it is our endeavour and our hope that we may be instrumental in removing both those grievances which have hitherto prevented his mixing with the world ; that we may soften the rigours of that criticism whose justice we dispute, and, by preventing that monopoly which is

in every article injurious to society, communicate to our countrymen a source of amusement which we * have found highly gratifying to ourselves.

Doctor Jortin (whose reputation as a critic has been equally advanced by the commendations of the learned, and the abuse of pretenders to learning, whose praises have been so well, so justly, and so frequently sung, that it would be impertinent here to repeat them) has passed an opi-

* In thus using the plural term, I beg leave to inform the reader I do not mean to assert that magisterial dignity which writers sometimes think proper to usurp, or to which custom has entitled them, but it is adopted in consequence of a circumstance with which the reader must be made acquainted. The following translation of Alciphron is the work of *two* persons. The two first books are translated by the author of this preface; but the third, which furnishes less entertainment in the original, required a more skilful hand to make it please in a translation.



nion

nion upon our author, which, as it appears inconsistent with his general candour, or his general accuracy, I shall subjoin, and attempt to controvert. In doing this, I am sufficiently aware that it ill becomes me to advance my own opinions with confidence at a time when I am presuming to censure those of Dr. Jortin as erroneous. My admiration of that great man I consider as more under the government of reason, while I do not allow myself to admit his dogmas without examination, or give him credit for that infallibility to which he, last of all men, would have pretended. I cannot, however, answer for myself, that, had I been so unfortunate as to read his criticism upon Alciphron before I had read the book itself, I should have taken much trouble to search for a work so difficult of access, and represented

as so little worthy of perusal. But as fortune threw Alciphron in my way before I was acquainted with Jortin's comments upon him, as I read the book, and obtained from it an insight into the customs and manners of the Greeks, which will in vain be sought for in any other Greek author, as I was alternately charmed with the beauty of his language, and the vivacity of his imagination, I am prompted by gratitude to say something in his behalf. With boldness, therefore, and alacrity, I come forward, not to attack Dr. Jortin, but to defend Alciphron, not with the puerile expectation that any praise will be due to me for proving that an eminent critick may be mistaken, but with an ambition, which my own conscience does not disapprove, to rescue an eminent author from unmerited contempt, to restore

store him to notice who has been so long banished from the world, and to open a source of amusement to others which has flowed so liberally upon myself.

“ If Alciphron (says Dr. Jortin) be a more ancient writer than Lucian, which is probable, but not certain, it will follow that the latter took the hint and groundwork of his dialogue entituled the Banquet or the Lapithæ, from an epistle of the former ; but he hath so wrought it up that it may fairly be called his own. Alciphron is short and jejune ; Lucian is copious, varied, artful and sprightly ; and the characters of the actors are kept up from the beginning to the end. Indeed he (Lucian) is on this occasion what the French call *outré*, as comic writers often are ; and, to heighten the ridicule, he goes beyond the bounds

of probability. Alciphron is the author of several epistles under the names of Fishermen, Husbandmen, Courtezans, and Parasites. As an ancient Greek writer, he deserves to be perused; but he who shall expect much entertainment from his compositions will find himself disappointed. They are for the most part uninteresting and frivolous, though admired and commended by Bergler the editor, and some of the learned. Perhaps Alciphron, who was a professor of rhetorick, drew up these epistles for the use of his scholars, to teach them to speak and write Greek with purity and facility; therefore he scruples not to make his ploughmen and fisherwomen talk as correctly as Demosthenes and Lyfias."

That it is probable Alciphron is a more ancient author than Lucian, I readily

readily agree with Doctor Jortin, not without wishing he had stated the reasons which led him to entertain that opinion; perhaps amongst them, had he done so, might have been found the following: Alciphron being an author who makes frequent allusions to the works of others, but who is no where convicted of imitation or plagiarism, and is only suspected of this literary criminality in one instance, does not appear likely to have been guilty of it, when we consider that a plagiarist is seldom content with a single act of peculation; and, had it been proved upon him in this case, we should most likely have been able to produce the same proof in many others. Had Alciphron copied from Lucian, it is highly improbable, that what in Lucian is copious, varied, artful, and sprightly, should have been applied by Alciphron

phron to his own use, in such a manner as to appear short and jejune; nor do I think he could have been guilty of any thing so inconsistent with the activity of his own imagination or the extent of his own powers. Had Alciphron been so heinous an offender against the rights of literature, he had yet too much sense to hazard the commission of a theft, whose accomplishment produced no advantage. Lucian, on the other hand, was a daring plagiarist, guilty of numberless peculations, and convicted under many indictments. And is it improbable that he, who did not disdain to transcribe into his own pages the scurrilous ribaldry of Aristophanes, should allow himself to borrow from an author his equal in wit, and his superior in elegance? Lucian had that sense which prevented his committing a theft without

out reaping some profit from it ; and accordingly we find that, when he copies from Aristophanes, he reconciles his reader to the plagiarism by exhibiting the improvement of his page. The fact, I believe, is, that, in the rude sketch of a subject cursorily handled by Alciphron, Lucian found a subject which he thought worthy of employing all his talents, and has improved the hints of his predecessor, so as to leave him no other merit in a competition but that of originality. Whether Alciphron or Lucian wrote first, generally considered, is an immaterial circumstance ; yet when the order of time in which they wrote is in some measure to determine the order of excellence in their writings, the question becomes more material ; and my reason and my inclination dispose me to determine rather that Lucian copied and improved

proved Alciphron, than that the latter copied the former with injury to his original; and disgrace to himself.

There are no certain documents which point out to us the exact time in which Alciphron wrote; but there is no danger in affirming that it must have been at a period when the Greek language was purified to its highest pitch of elegance and perfection. Thus much his letters will justify.

Dr. Jortin says, that "Alciphron, as an ancient Greek writer, deserves to be perused; but he who shall expect much entertainment from his compositions will find himself disappointed." In answer to this, I can only say, that upon experience I found it otherwise. To the reading of Alciphron I went with expectations highly raised by the favourable criticisms

ticisms of a friend, and in the perusal of him I found myself by no means disappointed; my complaints against fortune for having kept me so long ignorant of him were only checked by the satisfaction I felt at being then made acquainted with him. Such were the sentiments which I entertained after reading Alciphron's letters; and why should I disguise them? If they are erroneous the world has too much justice and too much discernment to quit Jortin's truths, and embrace my errors; if they are just, why should the talents of any man, however extensive, or his worth however approved, sanctify even his errors, or establish those opinions which are found to be repugnant to truth. *Provoco ad populum.*

Dr. Jortin says, "The letters of Alciphron are for the most part uninteresting and frivolous, though admired

admired and commended by Bergler the editor, and some of the learned." May not this be reasonably called too hasty a manner of deciding upon the fame of an author who is allowed to have found admirers among the learned? If they are uninteresting, it must be to those who have no curiosity to be acquainted with the domestic occurrences of the Greeks. And was Dr. Jortin of that number? If they are frivolous, it must be in the opinion of those who will not suffer themselves to be drawn aside from the intricacies of science, or the disquisitions of philosophy, by the allurements of rational and elegant entertainment. In a correspondence between a fisherman and his wife, what is the reader to expect but the recital of some domestic occurrence, which may give an insight into the general manners of the people in that particular rank
of

of life, some allusion by which the customs of their country may be ascertained, or some little peculiarity by which we are enabled to form a better judgement of their national character? From the most uninteresting and most frivolous of Alciphron's letters these advantages may be gained. I can moreover say, that in those letters which pass between the different sexes may be found the most perfect models of Attic elegance; and were I to refer my reader to the most remarkable instances of this, I should perhaps venture to inform him, that in Menander's Epistle * to Glyceria he will discern a spirit of gallantry which breathes every thing that beauty can inspire; and in her answer every tender sentiment which fondness can give birth to, and every elegant turn that wit can produce.

* Book II. Letter III.

Dr. Jortin thinks that " Alciphron, who was a professor of rhetorick, perhaps drew up these epistles for the use of his scholars, to teach them to speak and write Greek with purity and facility." The general tenor of these letters militates, I think, against this opinion, and there is one in the original collection which makes it almost impossible to be just. The investigation of letters which treat so frequently upon amorous subjects is a relaxation ill according with the discipline of scholastic pursuits; and the one letter to which I allude offends so grievously against the laws of decorum and propriety, that I have omitted it in the translation; and I apprehend the same reason which prevents my submitting such a composition to the eye of modesty, must have prevented any instructor of common sense from proposing it to his

5

pupils

pupils as a model worthy of inspection and imitation.

Dr. Jortin adds, that Alciphron having written his letters as examples from which he wished to form the style of his scholars, "therefore he scruples not to make his ploughmen and fisherwomen talk as correctly as Demosthenes and Lyfias." But is Alciphron guilty of this impropriety? I believe not. If we examine the different styles of the different correspondents, we shall, I think, discover that to each class is assigned a peculiar and appropriate manner of writing, and the equal correctness here mentioned will be found to extend only to their grammatical accuracy. A deficiency in which, though it might aptly enough characterise the conversation of the lowest mechanic, would be too disgusting in a serious

rious performance to suit the taste of the vulgarest reader. Let the letters of Lamia, Glycera, Bacchis, Leontium, and Menander, be compared with those of the husbandmen and the parasite, and the styles of each will be found as different as the difference of character requires. The parasite is distinguished, by coarse ideas, and gross expressions, and the husbandman by observations naturally occurring to persons in his situation, and language suited to his subject; in their correspondence, we have neither the flourishes of rhetoric, nor the raillery of elegant wit; we have neither copiousness, variety, nor splendour; such ornaments are reserved for those characters who can wear them with greater propriety, and exhibit them with a better grace.

Upon the whole, I do not hesitate to recommend Alciphron as an author

thor who may be interesting to the generality of readers, and whose work is the produce of an elegant mind and a vigorous imagination. Had he written in verse instead of prose, I am persuaded the Epistles of Ovid would not have been the first favorites with persons devoted to that class of reading, nor would Catullus have borne the palm for terseness and elegance. Occupied by this opinion, I have ventured to make an attempt, such as it is, toward putting one of his epistles into a metrical form. This I readily submit to the mercy, or the forbearance, of the critics, assuring them that I shall cheerfully acquiesce in their decision upon my translation, provided they will allow me to retain the opinion I have formed of my original.

that who may be interested in the
possibility of readers, and who were
in the presence of an elegant room
and a very fine collection. Having
written a very large number of notes, I
also purchased the pictures of Goud
would not have been the first favorite
with persons devoted to that class of
reading, nor would I believe have
borne the palm for artists and de-
votion. Ordered by this opinion, I
have ventured to make an attempt
such as it is, toward putting one of
its qualities into a material form. I have
readily submit to the necessity of the
correction of the errors, and I
trust that I shall cheerfully receive
in their correction upon my translation,
provided they will allow me to re-
tain the opinion I have formed of
my own.

LAMIA TO DEMETRIUS.

LETTER I. LIB. 2.

THESE lines, my lord, your kindness will
excuse;

Nor scorn the freedom which you bade me use:
You're wont, tho' regal state your steps attend,
To Lamia's tales no idle ear to lend;
Oft try'd and oft approv'd my constancy,
You turn from nought that breathes of love
and me.

When my Demetrius on the proud parade
Shines forth, with martial air and pomp display'd,
Here his retinue, there his soldiers stand,
And wait in splendid ranks their Lord's com-
mand,

Gazing, I think o'er all his battles won,
 And turn abash'd as from a noon-day sun.
 How fondly beats exulting Lamia's breast,
 When in full pride the hero stands confest!
 Pleas'd once again the splendid scenes I view,
 Yet scarce can think the splendid scenes are true.
 Fair tho' they be, and real as they seem,
 Ah! trust not, Lamia, the delusive dream.
 Is this Demetrius? Can this be he,
 Who all his pomp forgetting thinks on thee?
 Is it with thee that many a live-long day,
 The wooing warrior spends in amorous play,
 Or sends excuses when he stays away? }
 Can this be he, who listens all night long
 To Lamia's prattle, or to Lamia's song?
 Or can there aught exist in Lamia's charms,
 To make him leave for thine Gnathæna's arms?
 Then to the Gods I pour a silent strain,
 "Oh send Demetrius to my arms again!"
 For ever thus I'm toss'd 'twixt hope and fear,
 'Till my sick soul Demetrius comes to cheer.
 But in that moment of his blest return
 With love renew'd and happier hopes I burn.
 Quick to a gayer note I change the strain,
 And still, though in a gayer note, complain.
 "And is this he (within myself I say)
 Who fills the flying squadrons with dismay?"
And

And do I press within these clinging arms
 The man, whose name can scatter such alarms ?
 Whose prowess Thracian hosts with terror own,
 And the firm phalanxes of Macedon ?
 Where is his valour now, his terror where,
 That whom all dread, I only scorn to fear ?
 To-day my power upon this chief I'll prove,
 Heroes in war are men, alas ! in love.
 By all the charms of love, I swear, to me
 The Demigod shall suppliant bend his knee.
 This lute shall drive him vanquish'd from the
 field,
 And he, who yields to none, to me shall yield."

Once every year, with feast and mystic rite,
 To Venus' name I consecrate the night ;
 Three days from this the banquet I prepare,
 Each former banquet to surpass, my care.
 Oh ! Leave all meaner things and come, my
 Lord,
 And taste the pleasures of the festive board.
 But, that the solemn festival may prove
 Worthy-Demetrius, and the Queen of Love,
 Lest honour due, unseemly thrift deny,
 The means your liberal kindness must supply.
 The boon, my Lord, for which thy Lamia sues,
 Oh ! think on Lamia's truth ere thou refuse.

Since first Demetrius seal'd his Lamia's bliss,
 Imprinting on her lips a rapturous kiss;
 Say, did I e'er for mercenary gain
 To vile pursuits the sacred trust profane?
 Say, did I e'er from thee estrange my heart,
 Or rule thy passion with a woman's art?
 Yet boast not I that, to Demetrius true,
 The faithful track of duty I pursue;
 For who so bold that he should dare engage,
 Tempting thy Lamia's love, to tempt thy rage?

Swift in his coming is the God of Love,
 Nor in departure slow his pinions move;
 With varying wing he cleaves the subtle air,
 Buoyed up with hope, or slacken'd by despair.
 This truth, to every female despot known,
 Wrings from the suffering lover many a groan.
 Encourag'd now by smiles, now check'd by
 pride,
 While still the promis'd favour is denied,
 By art and skilful management led on,
 He hopes a thousand joys ere lights on one.
 To such nice arts each well-taught nymph may
 fly,
 Lest cloy'd with too much sweets the lover die;
 (This game of falsehood Lamia scorns to play,
 Nor fears Demetrius love should e'er decay.)

A thou-

A thousand schemes the fickle fair one tries
 And cheats her lover by a thousand lies;
 With well-feign'd sickness now she seems to die,
 When to her aid she knows the fool will fly.
 From his shrunk purse she makes her house com-
 plete,

Then generous bids him to a sumptuous treat.
 Still on vain hopes the famish'd lover feeds,
 While to each promis'd bliss delay succeeds.
 The ductile youth, by passion led away,
 Still forms new hopes, still fears some new delay.
 I too could equal arts with these profess
 And equal cunning, where my love was less.
 But shall thy Lamia with an harlot's art
 Presume to triumph o'er a royal heart?
 Blest to be thine is more than woman's lot;
 And shall that proud distinction be forgot?
 Far be the thought profane: ah! trust my love
 Thy Lamia ne'er shall so ungrateful prove;
 Nay rather welcome should that fate appear,
 Which prov'd by death itself my love sincere.

Our splendid feast not thro' one house alone
 Or thro' our Athens only shall be known;
 But Greece itself shall ring with Lamia's name,
 And envious Sparta hear her spreading fame.
 Then

Then let that coward, carping, vagrant race,
Affect on Lamia's name to fix disgrace ;
E'en let them vent on us their sneering saws,
And quote Lycurgus and his musty laws.
Heed not their scoffs : but to thy Lamia's bower
Come, and thyself appoint the happy hour.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following translation, which it has been my study to render rather an accurate than an elegant one, is made from Bergler's edition of Alciphron, printed at Leipzig in the year 1715; besides which there is no other edition of the work, except the * Aldine, which is destitute of the last book, and one printed at Geneva with the same imperfection. The notes, most of which are taken from Athenæus and Potter, will be found rather calculated to convey information to the English reader, than to supply materials worthy the investigation of the more profound critic.

* The edition of Greek epistles, printed by Aldus, includes not only the letters of Alciphron, but the whole body of Greek Epistolary writers, consisting of thirty-five different authors.

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BOOK I.

LETTER I.

EUDIUS TO PHILOSCAPHUS.

THE sea has to-day lulled its waves into a calm favourable to our designs. The tempest lasted three days, and violently did the northern blasts blow from the cliffs toward the sea, which darkening became horrific, while upon its surface the foam whitened*, the waves in the mean time on every side breaking, some by dashing against the rocks, and others bursting from their

* Whitened, λευκωσις, effloresceret. I believe our language has no word by which this can exactly be expressed.

own swell: our occupation was at an end; so taking possession of some little huts upon the shore, and gathering together some chips left by the shipwrights from the oaks they had cut down, and with these making a fire, we soothed the bitterness of the cold. But the fourth day now arriving, which is surely an halcyon one (as we may reasonably expect from the serenity of the atmosphere), has discovered to us a world of treasures. As soon as the sun made his appearance, and his first ray beamed upon the Ocean, we carefully launched our boat, which we had before drawn on shore, and putting on board our nets we went to work; when (oh! what a glorious appearance! what a multitude of fish we drew up!) the net, carried so deeply under water by its weight, was near drawing the corks under; instantly, however, the fish-buyers were at hand, with the yoke upon their shoulders, from either end of which they suspended a wicker-basket, and throwing down their money for our fish, hastened from

from the Phalerum * to the city : we satisfied all their demands, and moreover carried home to our wives and children no small heap of the lesser fish, sufficient for them, not for one day only, but, in case the storm should return, for many days.

LETTER II.

GALENUS TO CYRTON.

ALL our labours, Cyrton, have been thrown away, parched as we are by the heat of the sun all the day, and skimming the surface of the deep all night. According to the proverb, we may be said to empty our

* The Phalerum was one of the three harbours of Athens, distant from the city thirty-five stadia, or near four Roman miles.

pitchers into the casks of the Danaidæ *, so vainly and unprofitably do we labour. Not even a little shell-fish, or a Pelorian oyster, falls to our share to satisfy our appetites; our master takes away all the fish, and every farthing of money; nor does this content him, but he searches the boat through and through; and not long ago, when we sent the lad Hermon from Munychia, with some provisions for him, he set us to gathering the sponge and seaweed, which grows freely in Lemnos, by the lake of Eurynome. Thus he imposed an additional task upon us; but Hermon (leaving his basket with the fish, and us with our boat,) with his skiff and an oar took himself off, and joined himself with some Rhodian sailors. Our master lost a good servant, and we a faithful companion of our labours.

* The Danaidæ were the fifty daughters of Danaus, who being married to the fifty sons of Ægyptus, all of them, except one, put their husbands to death on the wedding-night. Jupiter, as a punishment to them in the shades below, sentenced them to pour water incessantly into casks which were full of holes.

L E T T E R III.

GLAUCUS TO GALATEA.

EARTH is indeed a blessing; dry land is productive of no danger. Wisely then did the inhabitants* of Attica give to the earth the name of Anesidora, for she supplies us with advantages, by the help of which we live and preserve ourselves; but the sea is full of hardships, and navigation precipitates us into danger. I may with justice pass this opinion, which I have learnt by trial and experience: once, as I went about selling my fish, I heard one of those fellows in the painted porch, who go without shoes†, with his pale face, repeating

* Corn is said first to have been produced in Attica, which accounts for its inhabitants particularly giving the earth the name of Anesidora, or the producer of gifts.

† *Fellows in the painted porch who go without shoes.* This is a ridiculous manner of describing the philosophers,

D

whose

peating verses, and ridiculing the folly of those who go to sea; he said they were the verses of one Aratus, a great astronomer. As far as I can recollect, this was a part of them; "A small plank* of wood forms the separation between the sailor and death." Why then, my dear wife, do we not grow wise, and at last, though late in our lives, fly from this neighbourhood of death; more particularly now, as we live for the sake

whose slovenliness, or poverty, was a common subject of raillery among the comic writers of the Greeks. Aristophanes, speaking of Socrates and his followers, says, "You mean those pallid-looking men who have no shoes on." Theocritus introduces a Pythagorean in much the same manner; and Amipias, a character of Laertius, says, with some humour, that "the race of philosophers have sprung up to the detriment of shoe-makers. Thus too Aristippus to a philosophical shoemaker, who reproved him for living luxuriously, "you forget:" says he, "that I, who wear shoes, am of some use to your profession; direct your abuse then to Antisthenes, who not only wears none himself, but persuades others to go without them."

* *A small plank.* This line comes from Aratus "ὄλιγον δὲ δια ξύλον αἶδ' ἐφυκει," literally, a small plank defends from death.

of

of our children ; for whom, though by reason of our poverty, we have nothing great in store, yet this we shall be able to accomplish for their sakes : they shall know nothing of the swelling wave, and the dangers of the deep ; but they shall be brought up to husbandry, and embrace a way of life which will ensure them safety, and contribute to their happiness.

LETTER IV.

CYMOTHUS TO TRITONIS.

WHAT a difference there is between the sea and the land ! In the same proportion do we who live upon the sea differ from those who live in towns and villages.

villages. They indeed, some of them, without stirring beyond the gates of their own town, transact the business of the public ; and some of them, applying themselves to agriculture, depend upon the fruits of the earth for their subsistence. Now, to us who live upon the water, land is absolute death ; as it is to the fish, who cannot breathe the air. What then is come to you, wife, that leaving the shore, and the care of the nets, you go so often to the city, celebrating with those extravagant women of Athens their Bacchanalian feasts * ? This is neither wise nor proper. Not for such a purpose did your father in Ægina, where you chanced to be brought up and educated, give you to me to be initiated in the mysteries of wedlock. If you

* Bacchanalian feasts, the Oescophoria and Lenæan festivals. The former of which is so called from a part of ceremony, which consists in carrying boughs hung with the bunches of grapes, which are termed *οσχοί* ; the latter called Lenæan, from Lenæus a name of Bacchus.

set your mind upon the city, farewell, go about your business; but, if making a prudent choice you determine to attach yourself to the sea and its concerns, return to your husband; but forget for ever the city and its delusive amusements.

LETTER V.

NAUBATES TO RHOTHIUS.

YOU fancy yourself the only rich man in the world, because you can decoy my fishermen from serving me, by holding out to them the lure of greater wages. This, indeed, you may easily do, for it happened that a cast of your net lately brought up some of Darius's* golden coin;

* The golden coin of Darius was remarkable for its purity, and is mentioned as such by Herodotus and others. It was nearly of the value of our guinea, and was impressed with the figure of an archer.

the relics perhaps of the sea fight off Salamis, some Persian vessel I suppose being sunk with her crew and her stores, at the time when Themistocles, the son of Neocles, in honour of our ancestors, erected his great trophy against the Medes. I, for my part, am satisfied in being able, by the daily labour of my hands, to provide for my necessities: but, if you are rich, use your fortune with justice, not as the minister of wickedness, but as the servant of honour and virtue.

LETTER VI.

PANOPE TO EUTHUBULUS.

YOU married me, oh Euthubulus, a woman of no mean rank, or destitute of titles, but one ennobled by the blood
of

of both father and mother. Sosthenes of Steiria* was my father, and Damophyla was my mother, who united me, an heiress, with you in marriage, for the purpose of perpetuating the family by legitimate offspring; but you, with an eye† easily attracted, and loosely directed to every wanton object of pleasure, to the neglect of myself and children, attach yourself to Galeine the daughter of Thalassion, a stranger from Hermione, to whom, with a mischief to her band of followers, the Piræus‡ has afforded shelter. The young sailors flock to her entertainments, and

* Steiria, a little borough of Attica.

† With an eye, &c. It is difficult to give the exact translation of the text in this passage, *συ δε ραδιος εν τω οφθαλμω και προς πασαν ηδονην αφοδισιων κεχυμειος.*

‡ The Piræus was the chief harbour of the Athenians, about the same distance from the city, as the Phalerum mentioned in letter I. It was populous and well inhabited, till destroyed by Sylla in the Mithridatic war. Its ruinous remains, however, are mentioned by Strabo, who flourished under Augustus and Tiberius.

each brings some present, which she accepts and devours with the voracity of Charibdis. You, however, going beyond their vulgar presents of fish, do not think of offering your pilchards or your barbels; but, being somewhat nearer years of discretion, having been some time a married man, and the father of a family not very young, desirous to elbow your rivals out of the way, send her your Milesian network, your Sicilian garments, and gold besides. Desist from this ill-usage, and be no longer hunting after every woman you see; or be assured that I shall go to my father, who will not overlook me, and who will prosecute you for your criminality*.

* *criminality*.—The Greek word is *κατακρίσις*, which was the legal term for an action brought on any occasion by wife against her husband.

LET.

LETTER VII.

THALASSUS TO PONTIUS.

I Have sent you a sea-sparrow, a sandal, some mullets, and five-and-thirty purple fish; and you sent me a pair of oars, because my own were broken. This interchange of gifts is the traffic of friendship; and he, who really and truly wishes for such an intercourse, shews plainly that he considers his own possessions, and those of his friends, a common property.

LETTER VIII.

EUCOLYMBUS TO GLAUCA.

PEOPLE in doubt usually consult those who wish them well. So I, having addressed myself frequently to the winds,

winds, upon subjects of which I dared not, my dear, communicate one syllable to you, now unburthen my whole mind to you, and request of you to give me the best advice you can. Hear then all circumstances, and the matter upon which I want your opinion: our affairs, you know, are altogether at a stand, our fortune is very narrow; for the sea does not furnish us with a livelihood. That bark which you see, furnished with so many oars, is a Corycian*; the crew in her are pirates. They want me to take a share in their undertaking, promising me wealth upon wealth. For the money which they promise, and for some clothes, I have a great longing; but I cannot submit to become a murderer, and stain those hands in blood which the sea has from my childhood, till now, preserved uncontaminated by wickedness; yet to continue yoked with poverty is hard and intolerable. Deter-

* Corycian. So called from a mountain in Asia Minor, famous for being inhabited by pirates.

mine

mine upon one of these things, by balancing them in your mind : to whichsoever of them you, my dear, shall once incline, that will I pursue ; for the advice of our friends is accustomed to determine any doubtful opinion of our own.

LETTER IX.

ÆGIALEUS TO STRUTHIO.

THE Devil take it, how unfortunately for us matters turn out ! I am circumstanced like Mandrobulus* in the

* *Mandrobulus in the proverb.* This proverb answers to our “Worse and worse,” and takes its rise from the following circumstance : Mandrobulus, having had the good luck to discover a vast treasure, in gratitude to the Gods offered up to them a sacrifice of a golden ram ; upon a future occasion the ram which he offered was made of silver ; after that, he descended to a brazen offering, and at last desisted from making any offering at all.

proverb,

proverb. However, I have laid in a few farthings-worth of necessaries, that's some comfort to my craving appetite. Now is your time, Struthio, to give me your assistance; and you may expect some recompence from my sea goods. I want you to introduce me to one or two of those fellows who have wells of money, either Erasicles, the Sphettian, or Philostratus, of Cholargis, that I may bring them my baskets of fish; for, besides the spending of his money, there will be in his house some entertainment at the feast of Bacchus* and the Apaturia†. This will moreover preserve us from the bitter gripe of those officers of the market, who will any day, for their own gain, injure us harmless people. You parasites have great influence with the rich young men: not words only, but facts, shew the truth of this.

* Of the feasts of Bacchus we have before spoken, l. 4.

† The Apaturia was first instituted at Athens, in memory of a stratagem by which Melanthius, the Athenian King, overcame Xanthus, King of Bæotia. It has its name from *απατη*, which signifies deceit.

LETTER X.

CEPHALUS TO PONTIUS.

HORROR, you perceive, takes possession of the sea, a collected gloom has overspread the Heaven, and all things on every side are enveloped in clouds of darkness. The winds, contending amongst themselves, tell how violently they will, ere long, disturb the deep; and the dolphins, leaping out of the water, and gliding along the swelling surface, declare the approach of storm and tempest. Deep astronomers say, that the rising of the bull is now at hand. They who are provident to guard against danger of this nature, are generally preserved in safety; but they who once commit themselves to the ocean, giving their helm to be directed by chance, are in jeopardy: hence it is that we hear of their driving with violence upon rocks,

or

or sinking, some near the promontory of Malea, some in the Sicilian bay *, and some upon the coast of Lycia. But the cliff Caphareus is not more convenient than any of these for a shelter in the time of storm and danger. After waiting, therefore, till the sea is appeased, and the weather becomes clear, let us go round to the shore of Caphareus, that, if any carcass should be found thrown up from the shipwreck, we may bury it with funeral rites : for a good action is not without reward, though the recompense of well-doing should not immediately appear; the secret recollection of it nourishes men beyond the hopes of reward, and takes possession of the whole heart, particularly when they have conferred a benefit upon those of their fellow-creatures who are no more †.

LET-

* This navigation was considered as so dangerous, that it gave rise to a Greek proverb : " when you pass the Malea, bid your family good bye." Malea is a promontory in the southern parts of the Peloponnese.

† To be deprived of the rights of sepulture, was considered by the ancients as the greatest calamity that could befall

LETTER XI.

THYNNÆUS TO SCOPELUS.

OH Scopelus ! have you heard the heavy news ? The Athenians, prepared for battle, are going to send a fleet out to sea ; and already the Paralos and the Salamis, the two best sailing packets, have loosened their cables from the shores, and put on board the conductors, who are to give orders as to the manner and time in which they are to commence the fight. The other vessels, which carry the troops, must have a good many oars, and not unskilful rowers, to contend with the winds and the waves. What then, my good friend, are we to do ? Are we to run away, or to stand

befall any one. To defraud the dead of this respect was an unpardonable sacrilege, and every one readily paid it, as he hoped to receive it in his turn. In the manner of performing their funeral ceremonies Pluto first instructed the Grecians ; from which circumstance, fabulous history, by an easy process, has represented him as the monarch of the shades.

it ?

it? They are collecting from the Piræus, Phalerum, and Sunium *, as far as the territories of Geræstus †, all the sea-faring men. But how should we, who are unused even to the bustle of the forum, support to be placed in the ranks, and serve as soldiers? Since there is a choice of two difficulties, whether to run away to my wife and children, or to stay and sacrifice myself to the weapons of the adversary, and the dangers of the sea; as the staying seems unprofitable, the running away is more advisable.

L E T T E R XII.

NAUSIBIUS TO PRYMNÆUS.

I Did not know how nice and delicate the rich youths of Athens were. But lately Pamphilus, and some of his com-

* Sunium, a borough of Attica.

† Geræstus, a village in Eubæa.

panions hiring a vessel of me that they might sail with me in a calm sea, and partake in the fishing, I discovered the luxuries they are supplied with at sea. Unable to bear the hard boards of the ship, and stretching himself upon tapestry and curious mantles (for he said, he could not lie like the rest upon a common blanket, finding the deck, I suppose, harder than stone) he desired me to form a shade for him, by stretching the sail-cloth over him, for he could not at all support the rays of the sun. Now, we sailors, and indeed people in general who are not abundantly rich, endeavour as much as we can to be well warmed by the sun ; for the sea is as cold as ice. But, as we went along, our crew consisted not of Pamphilus only and his companions, but a beautiful tribe of young women were with us, all of them fond of musick. One was called Crumation, and she played upon a pipe, another was Erato, and she handled the psaltery, a third was Evepe, and she sounded the cymbals. My

E

vessel

veffel was thus full of mufick, the fea re-founded with fongs, and every thing was productive of pleasure. But all this did not fatisfy me ; for many of this gentleman's companions, and particularly that difagreeable Glaucias was more troublesome to me than an odious Telchinian *. But when Pamphilus paid down a round fum of money, that softened me ; and now I admire thefe nautical revels, and I long to find another of thefe luxurious and extravagant younkers.

* An ill-tempered troublesome fellow is fometimes called by the Greeks a Telchinian, from a body of people fo named, who were remarkable for fuch a difpofition. They were moft of them artificers, who dwelt firft in Crete, then in Cyprus, from whence they wandered to Rhodes.

LET.

LETTER XIII.

AUCHERIUS TO HARMENIUS.

IF you can assist me, pray say so, but without disclosing my concerns to any body else. But, if you cannot assist me, still be more secret than an Areopagite *. I will tell you the whole state of the case. Since love has had possession of me, it has not suffered me to be guided by reason, but my understanding is sunk in my passion. Upon what can love be nourished, when he attacks a poor fisherman, who is content, if he can furnish the necessary food for the day. But I burn with all

* *More secret than an Areopagite.*] The Areopagites formed a senate at Athens, and took their name from the *αρειος πажος*, or hill of mars, where their business was transacted. The phrase *secret as an Areopagite*, is a proverbial sarcasm, which insinuates that the Areopagites were careful to conceal from the people the transactions of their assembly.

the violence of men of property and education. And I, who formerly laughed at them as the slaves of effeminacy, am myself governed by my passion, I think of nothing but matrimony, I dream of Hymen the son of Terpsichore. But the object of my affection is the daughter of one of those strangers who settled in the Piræus from Hermione. I cannot indeed produce an equivalent fortune, but shewing myself what I am, a fisherman, unless her father be a madman, I think I may be looked upon as a proper match.

LETTER XIV.

ENCYMON TO HALICTYPUS.

I SAW upon the Sunian shore, an old worn-out net, and asked whose it was: it lay not merely broken by the weight of
its

its draught, but destroyed by length of time. They said it was some property of yours which had been there these four years, that catching upon the rock under water the folds of it were divided in the middle, and that it has remained there from that time as you would neither have it mended, nor taken away ; for none of the neighbours chose to touch what belonged to another. It happens, therefore, that what is left of it is neither their property, nor yours, to whom it formerly belonged. I ask you, then, for that which, by the havoc of time, has ceased to be your possession. You will, no doubt, readily make a present of what, without thinking of the loss, you had devoted to destruction.

LETTER XV.

HALICTYPUS TO ENCYMON.

THE eye of a neighbour, says the proverb, is a curse upon your property. What business have you with my concerns? Why do you imagine that what I regard with negligence is to become your possession? Keep your hands off, restrain your insatiable desires. Nor let your grasping at other people's goods drive you to ask favours which are unreasonable.

LETTER XVI.

• ENCYMON TO HALICTYPUS.

I DID not ask you for what you possess, but for what you do not possess. But since you will not allow another to enjoy

enjoy what you cannot yourself, retain still those things which you cannot be said to possess.

LETTER XVII.

EUSAGENUS TO LIMENARCHUS.

WILL * not that fisherman of Lesbos be sent to the † crows! He called out, that the sea was in one part darkened by the approaching multitudes of Tunnies and Pelamides ‡. And we believing him enclosed within our net, almost the whole bosom of the deep, then we

* Fisherman; ὁ σκαπιδύργος, means particularly that man whose office it was to assist the fishery, by watching the approach of a shoal of fish.

† *To the crows.*] This is a more polite way of saying, to the devil: we say, "such a thing is gone *to the Dogs*."

‡ The Pelamides are Tunnies of a year old, according to Pliny.

were troubled, and the drag was heavier than any draught of fishes. Big with hopes we called in the neighbours, promising to make them partakers in the booty, if they would assist us with their labour. At length, with great difficulty and late in the evening, we drew out an enormous camel, putrifying and covered with worms. I do not tell you of this booty that you may laugh at me, but that you may see by what contrivances fortune attacks me,

LETTER XVIII.

EUPLOUS TO THALASSEROS,

• **Y**OU are either grown overdelicate in your taste, or you are mad, for I hear you have attached yourself to a singing girl, and in your destructive visits to her you squander away the daily profits of
your

your trade. Your neighbour Sofias, a very honest man told me this, and he is one of those who strictly adhere to truth, nor is ever betrayed into a falsehood: I mean the Sofias who is famous for cooking up that delicious sauce made of the small fish which he entangles in his net. Tell me, then, I beg of you (as he said when he told me the story) where did you pick up your knowledge of the diatonic, and chromatic and enharmonic melody. For at the same instant in which you fell in love with this girl, you became enamoured of music; give up this extravagant course, lest you meet with a shipwreck without going to sea, which may rob you of every thing you have. Consider the habitation of this songstress, as the Calydonian * gulf, or the Tuscan † sea and, if she makes a second

* The Calydonian gulf, from Calydon, a city of Ætolia at the mouth of this gulf begins the bay of Corinth, whose navigation is difficult to a proverb.

† The Tuscan sea is rendered dangerous by the rock Scylla,

attack, you have no * Cratæa who will listen
 invocations.

LETTER XIX.

THALASSEROS TO EUPLOUS.

IT is in vain, Euplous, that you give me
 your advice, I can never desert the girl,
 for I am devoted to the service of the
 deity who bears the torch and the bow.

* *Cratæa.*] This passage alludes to a part of Homer's
 Odyſſey, Lib. xii. to which it is neceſſary to refer before
 it appears perfectly intelligible. When Ulyſſes learns from
 Circe, that at the rock of Scylla he muſt loſe twelve of
 his companions, he wiſhes to know how he may revenge
 himſelf; but Circe adviſes him without thinking of revenge
 to fly as faſt as poſſible, and invoke Cratæa, the mother
 of Scylla to protect him from greater loſſes.

From her foul womb Cratæa gave to air
 This dreadful peſt. To her direct thy prayer,
 To curb the monſter in her dire abodes
 And guard thee through the tumult of the floods.

Lib. xii. 156.

To

To seamen, love is peculiarly congenial, for the mother of Cupid sprung from the sea. Cupid, therefore, is my relation by the mother's side, and stricken by him to the heart. I look upon my damsel as a sea-nymph, Panope, or Galatea, the most beautiful of the Nereids.

LETTER XX.

THERMOLEPYRUS TO OCIMON.

WHAT an insult have I suffered !
Before, others all the delicacies *
were placed, while I was treated only with
hasty pudding; while they drank excellent †

* The Chalybonian wine came from a place in Syria, and was the favourite liquor at the table of the Kings of Persia.

† These delicacies form a nauseous catalogue, *ψαρά, και μηλάι και ηπαρ δροσώ προσεικος δια την εκ της ποιοτητος λιπιτηλια.* These were among the Greeks considered as what we call good things.

Cha-

Chalybonian wine, I had only flat sour stuff. But, oh! ye Gods, who preside over and controul the fates, give a turn to this unjust distribution of your good things, and do not preserve some people in perpetual happiness, and condemn others to dwell with hunger. For the course of fate governs these things, and we of small fortune always suffer by it.

CONOPOSPHRANTES TO ISCHOLIMUS.

LETTER XXI.

THE hopes which I entertained of young Policrates are vain. I thought if his father would but die, he would scatter his money plentifully amongst us parasites and the women of the town who bear the bell in feasts and revels, and thus exhaust, if not all his fortune, at least a good
good

good share of it. But he, as soon as his father got a little better, took to eating but once a day, and that at a late hour, when the sun was getting into the west. He lives upon nothing expensive, but bread and meat from the market, and if he honours any day in particular, upon olives which fall from the tree. Deceived in this great expectation, I know not what to do; for if he, who was to support me, stands in need of a supporter himself, what is to become of him who was to be supported? The grievance is twofold, to live with the hungry and to be hungry yourself.—Farewell.

LET-

LETTER XXII.

EUBULUS TO GEMELLUS.

ONE of those cheese-cakes*, called the Sicilian, was placed before me at an entertainment. And at the very sight of it, my heart rejoiced while I prepared to devour it. But there was a shocking delay in the putting on the pastry and

* This cheese-cake, whatever its ingredients were, concerning which great is the strife of commentators, seems to have been considered as the greatest dainty that could be placed upon the table. It usually concluded the feast, coming after the second course. From this circumstance it gave rise to a witticism, which, as it was a royal one, may perhaps bear retailing. King Philip of Macedon going to sup with one of his courtiers, carried with him so large a train of attendants, that his host had not provided a proportionable entertainment for them. But the King undertook to remedy this inconvenience, by advising each man in a whisper to "*keep a place for the cheese-cake.*" The guests indeed missed their cheese-cake, but the supper was found amply sufficient.

the

the other articles of the second course, the Pistacia-nuts, the palm-fruits, and the shelled walnuts. All this while I looking on with great impatience, reserved myself that I might fall with all my force upon the cheese-cake. But the guests continued eating a vast while, and the bottle continually going round still added to the delay. At length, as if by a common agreement to thwart my inclination, one man taking out a toothpick began picking his teeth; another, stretching himself, appeared rather disposed to enjoy a nap than the table, a third talked to his neighbour, in short, every thing was done rather than the delicious cheese-cake, I so much longed for, should make its appearance. At last, the Gods, perhaps in compassion to my violent thirst after this rarity, did contrive that I should taste the cheese-cake. And I give you this letter, not so much to tell you, I was delighted with my fare, as that I was mortified with their heavy delays.

LET-

L E T T E R XXIII.

PTATYLÆMUS TO EREBINTHOLEN.

N E V E R have I suffered such a winter since I have been in Attica ; for not only the winds blowing backward and forward, or rather riotously borne along, beat us about, but also the heavy falls of snow, coming one after another covered the face of the ground ; and then not merely on the surface, to a vast height the heap of snow was lifted, so that it became difficult to open the door, and look into the street. All this while, I had neither wood nor warmth ; for how should I have it, or where should I get it ? The cold penetrated to my very marrow and bones. I hit upon * an expedient worthy of Ulysses,

* *An expedient worthy of Ulysses.*] Οδυσειον βελεισμα.
This is a Greek proverb, but will appear to be applied with peculiar felicity in this place, when we recollect the passage in Homer to which it alludes. Odyf. xiv.

and

and ran to the tholi, or chimnies, belonging to the baths. But the workmen who were employed would not admit me ; and here that same goddess, Poverty, stood in my way. When I found there was no entering here, I hastened to the private bath of Thrasyllus, belonging to his house ; and flinging down two-pence to make the bath-keeper my friend, I warmed myself, while the snow without doors became ice, and the stones were joined together by the hardening of the moisture which was between them. At last, however, when the bitterness of the weather relaxed, the mild sun restored to me the freedom of my walks, and the usual indulgence of my rambles.

LETTER XXIV.

AMNION TO PHILOMOSCHUS.

THE violent hail has destroyed my crop, and no remedy can preserve us from want. The corn which is brought to market, I cannot purchase for the want of money. You have by you, I hear, the relics of last year's abundance; do therefore lend me twenty bushels of it, that I and my wife and children may be preserved from starving. When there comes a good harvest, I will return you the loan, and even more if there should be any great proportion of corn. Do not then overlook such good neighbours when they are brought into difficulty and distress*.

* I have ventured here to differ in some small degree from the reading of the commentator, though not, I believe, from the sense of the author. Instead of *φθιγομένους*, he proposes to read *φθιγισθαι*, which appears to me an unnecessary alteration.

LET-

[LETTER XXV.]

EUSTOLUS TO ELATION.

SINCE the earth does not in any degree repay me for my labours, I have determined to devote myself to a sea-life. Life and death are imposed upon us by fate; and the payment of this debt no man can avoid, though he should shut himself up ever so close. This day of payment is not idle in its approach, nor is the fate of it to be avoided. Our life then does not depend upon such * circumstances as these, but upon the will of fate. It happens that landsmen are sometimes short-lived, and seamen live to a great age. Since I find this to be the case, I will go to sailing, and keep company with the winds and the waves. It is better to return from

* *Circumstance as these.*] Vizi: whether we pass our life on sea or shore.

Bosporus and Propontis with fresh-earned wealth, than to sit still in the fields of Attica and complain for ever of hunger and thirst.

LETTER XXVI.

AGELARCHIDES TO PYTHOLAUS.

THOSE usurers are a great grievance in a city. I myself, from I know not what absurdity, who ought to have gone to you, or some of my country neighbours, being in want of money and wishing to purchase some land in Colonus, went by the introduction of a citizen to the house of Martius. There I met with a wrinkled, frowning, old fellow holding a paper in his hand, worn away by time, and half eaten by gnats and moths. He straightway addressed me, but was very sparing

sparing* in his words, as if he thought a long speech loss of time. My friend then telling him I wanted money, he asked how many talents†. At my being surprized when he mentioned so large a sum, he immediately turned up his nose, and shewed that he was offended. However, he gave me what I wanted, demanded my security, and agreed‡ for heavy monthly interest, besides

* Sparing in his words, &c. *Εὐθὺς μὲν ὡς μόλις με προσεῖπε
ζημίαν ἡγούμενος τὴν προσήγοριαν.*

† A talent contained (with the Athenians), some say, 80, others 100 minæ. If a mina be equal to 3*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.* as Arbuthnot estimates it, a talent of 60 minæ, which was the Grecian talent, generally speaking will be found equal to 193*l.*

‡ Agreed for heavy interest besides, &c. *Καὶ ἐπὶ τῇ ἀρχαίῳ τικόν βαρὺν καὶ τὴν ἑστῆαι ὑπὸ δισσεῖς μῶνον ἐισέτι μοι.* In this passage, the author and his commentator are to me alike obscure, and I have given a translation which, I think, it may possibly bear, but of whose propriety I cannot speak with any confidence. The interest of money borrowed among the Greeks was paid monthly, and the day of collecting it was the last day of every moon. Aristophanes alludes to this circumstance with some humour in the following dialogue, which takes place between Socrates and Strepsiades in his play of the Clouds.

besides the return of the principal. Thus far I have found a grievance in these men

Streps. Εχω τοκευ γινωμην απογενησικον·

Σω. Επιδειξον αυτην· ειπε δη νυν μοι το τι ;

Στρ. Γυναικα φαρμακιδ' ει πριαμενος Θειτ' αλην
Καθειλοιμι νυκτωρ την σεληνην· ειλα δη
Αυτην καθαιρεξαιμ' ες λοφειον στρογγυλον,
Ωσπερ καλοπ' ερον κατα τηροην εχων.

Σω. Τι δηλα τετ' αν ωφελησει σ : Στ· Ο τι ;

Ει μηκει' εφ' ελλοι σιληνη μηδαμυ,

Ουκ αν γ' αποδοην τες τοκευς.

745.

STREPSIADES.

I have a scheme in my head for the overturning of usury.

SOCRATES.

Oh ! let me know it ? tell me what it is ?

STREPSIADES.

Why, if I could but hire a Thessalian witch, one might draw down the moon some night, and then putting her into a round case like a looking glass keep her close.

SOCRATES.

But how would this benefit you ?

STREPSIADES.

How ? Why if no more moons were to rise, we should have no more interest to pay.

There is a puerility in this conceit, which is, however, not inconsistent with the character of the speaker.

who

who calculate with their counters and their fingers. Never, oh ! ye deities, who preside over the country, may it happen to me again to behold a wolf* or an usurer †

LETTER XXVII.

ANICETUS TO PHÆBIANA.

YOU shun me, Phæbiana, you fly from me, at the very moment when you have stripped me of my estate ; for which of my possessions have you not enjoyed ? my figs, my new cheese, my chickens, and every other delicacy which I sent you ? You have totally ruined me, and then, ac-

* *Behold a wolf.*] This expression from an Athenian had peculiar propriety, to whose country wolves were so great a pest, that a reward was publicly proposed for destroying them. To be seen by a wolf was proverbial amongst the Romans, who foolishly supposed that this accident deprived a man of his voice. See Virg. Eclog.

Vox quoque Mærim

Jam fugit ipsa : lupi Mærim videre priores.

F 4

cordova

according to the proverb *, abandoned me to servitude. You pay no regard to me though I burn for you unquenchably.— But go, farewell! though I bear my disgrace with difficulty, yet I must bear it.

LETTER XXVIII.

PHÆBIANA TO ANICETUS.

THE wife of a neighbour expecting to be brought-to-bed sent for me just now to go to her, and I was going with the things necessary for the occasion. You suddenly rising up pulled me toward you, and attempted to kiss my neck.—Will you never leave off (miserable old fool as you are! and fit only to eat the fruits of the earth) making such attempts upon us young girls, as if you were just in your prime again? Were you not dismissed from the

* The proverb here alluded to, I believe, is *καλὸς καὶ ἀγαθὸς*, by which is meant casks, which, having been drank out, are turned topsy-turvy, and made stools of.

labours

labours of the field as uselefs? Have you not been long discarded * from the service of the women? Why then do you sigh and look so fond? Give it up, you miserable Cecrops †, and keep to yourself in your old age.

LETTER XXIX.

GLYCERA TO BACCHIS.

MY Menander wishes to go and see the Isthmian ‡ games at Corinth; but this is not at all to my inclination. You well know

* *Have you not been long discarded, &c.*] οχι τουτ'αυτω και της ισθαμης ως αδυνατος αν εξησται: Verbis in hisce absit sane ut fidus sim interpre.

† Cecrops; the most ancient of the Athenian Kings, and therefore not improperly a proverb of an old age.

‡ The Isthmian games were a public festival, of which the origin is doubtful; but which takes its name from the isthmus,

know what it is to be deprived of such a lover, even for a short time; but I must not prevent him, as he seldom goes abroad. I scarcely know how to recommend your visiter to you; yet how can I avoid it, since he wishes to be in your good graces? This consideration, indeed, breeds some jealousy with me. I am aware of the friendship which subsists between us; and I am afraid not so much of you (for you have a nicer sense of honour than belongs to your time of life) as of himself, for he is a desperate lover, and, from attaching himself to Bacchis, I defy the most rigid to refrain. It seems that he takes this journey not less for the sake of meeting with you, than of seeing the Isthmian games: this I am persuaded of. Perhaps you will accuse me of entertaining suspicion; but pardon, my dear friend, the jealousies of

isthmus, or neck of land near Corinth, where it was celebrated, by which Peloponnesus is joined to the continent. They were instituted, according to some, by Theseus, in honour of Neptune.

lovers.

lovers. To lose such a lover as Menander, I consider as no small grievance; particularly as, should any quarrel with him or difference take place, I should be held out to ridicule upon the stage by some Chremes or Diphilus *. Should he then return with the same affections as he went away, I shall have great cause to thank you. Farewell.

LETTER XXX.

BACCHIS TO HYPERIDES†.

THE whole tribe of courtezans are under obligations to you; every one of us not less than Phryne herself. The
accu-

* *Chremes or Diphilus*; characters in the plays of Menander.

† *Bacchis to Hyperides*.] This letter, together with the two succeeding ones, turns upon a subject, with which, unless

accusation, indeed, was brought only against Phryne, by that rascal Euthias; but the danger touched us all. For if, when we ask for money of our lovers, and are not to obtain it; or if we are to be accused, by those who do give, of carrying on an impious profession *, we had better leave off that profession, and have nothing more to do with it. We shall be no longer, however, subject to these accusations, since our accuser Euthias has proved himself such a

unless the reader be previously acquainted, some of the allusions will be unintelligible. Hyperides had defended, in a court of justice, the cause of Phryne, a courtesan, who had been accused by Euthias of carrying on an impious profession. Phryne had been the mistress of Euthias, and afterwards attached herself to Hyperides. The issue of her trial was an acquittal; which she owed, as some say, to the following scheme, concerted between her and Hyperides: when her advocate had exhausted the powers of his oratory, and nearly concluded his harangue, she prostrated herself before the judges, and with her robes torn, and her bosom bare, is supposed to have influenced their determination, rather by the display of her charms, than the justice of her cause.

* Or of impiety and irreligion,

rascal;

raſcal ; and ſtill we ſhall be in repute, ſince our defender has ſhewn himſelf a juſt advocate. Many are the good wiſhes towards you for your kindneſs. You have ſecured to yourſelf a miſtreſs who is attached to you, and you will find us all ready to make you any recompenſe. Do but publiſh your pleading in defence of Phryne ; and then our whole body will unite to erect a ſtatue to your honour, of real gold, in any part of Greece you pleaſe.

LETTER XXXI.

BACCHIS TO PHRYNE.

I Do not ſo much condole with you upon the danger you have been in, as I rejoice with you upon your change from that
infa-

infamous lover to the excellent one you have found in Hyperides. As to your trial, I believe that turned out to your advantage, for it has made you celebrated, not only in Athens, but through all Greece. Euthias will be sufficiently punished in being deprived of his intercourse with you, for he seems to me in his anger, through a certain stupidity, to have exceeded the common measure of jealousy, and now, depend upon it, he loves you more vehemently than Hyperides himself. He appears, as if, from the protection he afforded you, he wished to be courted, and make himself of consequence: you may expect, therefore, to have more of his prayers and his supplications, and a great purse of gold. Do not then, my dear friend, betray our cause; nor, by giving way to the solicitations of Euthias, make Hyperides repent of his conduct. Give no credit to those who tell you, that if you had not torn your robe, and displayed your charms before the judges, the pleadings of your

6

advocate

advocate would not have availed, for at least his pleading gave you an opportunity of playing off this stratagem.

L E T T E R XXXII.

BACCHIS TO MYRRHINA.

NEVER may you meet with a more honourable lover ! and so may Venus protect me, as I wish that Euthias, whom you now attend, may live with you for ever ! Miserable, foolish woman ! to trust to the attractions of such a form as yours ! Still his attachment, it is plain, must be fixed upon Phryne ; he will despise Myrrhina. But it seems you wish to hurt Hyperides ; because he has neglected you of late ; he has now a mistress worthy of himself, and you a lover equal to your deserts. Ask him now for some money, and you will

will find yourself accused * of firing our ship-yards, or transgressing some of our laws. Know, then, that all of us who cultivate a more honourable attachment hold you in abhorrence.

LETTER XXXI.

THAIS TO THESSALA.

I Never could have thought, that, after such an intimacy, a quarrel would take place between me and Euxippa. I do not reproach her with her obligations to me for favours conferred upon her when she came from Samos; but when Pamphilus offered me money, and you know how large a sum, I refused the young man,

* *Accused of firing.*] Consistently with his conduct in having before accused Phryne, as she would insinuate, falsely.

because

because he then seemed to have an attachment to her; and for this she has well repaid me, by what she has done in compliance with that worst of all women, Megara. I did not think any thing of Megara's speaking ill of me; for it was the feast of Ceres, and the women, according to our custom, were up all night. But I wondered at Euxippa's doing it: first of all, she discovered her ill-humour, by making faces, and turning up her nose at me: then she openly sung her songs upon a lover of mine who has left me; but for this indeed I did not grieve much: then, proceeding in her impudence, she played off her wit upon my varnish and paint; but she seemed so poor herself, as not to be in possession of a looking-glass; for, if she knew herself, and her own dirty complexion, she would not have made my ugliness a subject of abuse. But I do not care much for all this; my wish is to please the men, and not those she-apes Megara and Euxippa. All this I tell you, that you may not blame me

G

here-

hereafter; for I shall repay them not in railing and abuse, but in what they shall most of all feel.—Revenge is the goddess I worship.

LETTER XXXIV.

THAIS TO EUTHYDEMUS.

EVER since you took it into your head to commence philosopher, you have become a solemn sort of fellow, drawing your eyebrows up above your temples. And with all the manners and appearance of a philosopher, and a roll of paper under your arm, you strut to the schools, passing by my door as if you had never seen it before. Why, Euthydemus, you are mad: you little think what sort of a man that grave-looking tutor is, who reads such fine lectures to you; but I have known his
humour

humour ever since he made love to me *, and the wretch now cohabits with Herpyllis, Megara's maid: I would not, indeed, admit him to me; for I preferred you to the gold of every philosopher in Athens: but, since it seems you have given up all intercourse with me, I shall receive him; and, if you think proper, I will shew you, that this woman-hating philosopher has no more objection to pleasure than other people. Why, you foolish fellow, this is only their stuff and nonsense, and an excuse for taking your money. Is there any difference, think you, between a grave sophist and a courtesan? Thus much perhaps, that they do not each of them carry their point by the same arguments; but the end they both have in view is the same, namely, taking the money. But how much better, how much more religious, are we? We do not deny the existence of the gods; but we credit the men, when they swear by

* *I have known his humour ever since, &c.*] ἀλλ' ἔμοι μιν
 πραγμάτων, πόσος εἰν οἱ χρόνος ἐξ ἡ παρὶχθι βυλομῖτος ἐντυχῖν.

them that they love us. We do not recommend it to mankind, to fall in love with their sisters and mothers, nor even with other men's wives*. As to the clouds, indeed, whence they come, or the atoms, how they are formed, we are ignorant, and in this particular may appear inferior to the philosophers; yet upon these subjects I have studied and conversed with many. No one who keeps our company, dreams of kingdoms, and disturbs the state; but, mellow with his morning draught, snores away till nine o'clock. Thus we educate youth no

* *We do not recommend, &c.*] These words are a sort of play upon the grave lectures of the sophists, when they inculcate a general system of benevolence and affection amongst men; in which, says she, we are so far their opponents, that we would not have them attach themselves to other men's wives, who are less nearly allied to them than their own family. Thais, when she was reproved by Stilpo at an entertainment for corrupting the youth, "We too," said she, "have the same accusation against you, for they who are employed in your philosophy are corrupted, and become useless and disputatious; and where is the difference, if they are corrupted, whether it be by a philosopher or a courtesan?" ATHENAEUS.

worse

worse than they. Compare, if you will, Aspasia the courtesan, and the great philosopher Socrates, and consider which of the two is the better instructor: one, you will find, made her disciple a Pericles*; the other, his a Critias. Lay aside then, my dear Euthydemus, this folly and moroseness. It does not become such eyes as yours to be clouded with gravity. Come to her who loves you, as you used to return from the wrestling-match, heated with your exertions†; and when we have banquetted a while, I will convince you that pleasure is our *summum bonum*‡. I beg I may, in this lecture, appear to you par-

* To Aspasia and her instruction Pericles owed his eloquence, which she is said to have formed upon the style and model of Gorgias. Such was the proficiency made by Pericles under his mistress, in this science, that it was said of him by the comic poet Eupolis, "Persuasion herself was seated on his lips, so did he govern the minds of his hearers." The Greeks ranked Persuasion amongst the deities.

† Heated with your exertions.] *Τοις ἰσχυρὰ ἀποψυμένους*.

‡ Pleasure is our *summum bonum*.] This is an artful allusion to the enquiries of the philosophers after the *summum bonum*, or "prime good."

ticularly wise. Our destiny does not allow us to live a very long time; do not, therefore, let life slip away, spent in hard sentences, and such trifling.

L E T T E R XXXV.

S I M A L I O N T O P E T A L A.

IF it gives you any pleasure, or adds to the gratification of those who are with you, that I come frequently to your doors, and complain before your servants when they are sent to invite those who are more happy than myself, your cruel treatment of me may be accounted for. Remember, however, (though I know I am now uttering an useless complaint), that I am affected, by your scorn, far beyond what any of those would be, who now enjoy your favour. I thought perhaps the
wine,

wine, which I drank three days ago, in no small quantity, at Euphorion's, might have afforded some relief, in driving away the cares of the night; but it turned out otherwise; it raised my passion to a greater pitch, so that in my tears and lamentations I was compassionated by those who had any pity, and laughed at by the rest. I, however, find a small remnant of comfort, though a forlorn one, in the expostulation you threw out against me, with some shew of sorrow, at a late entertainment; thus binding me, as it were, by a single hair* chosen from your locks, as if not dis-

* *A single hair.*] This passage, says the commentator, is rather obscure. I am quite of his opinion: however, adds he, it will be sufficiently illustrated, I think, by an elegant epigram which I shall subjoin. It is by Paulus Silentiarius, in the Anthologia, lib. 7. For the benefit of the reader, I shall translate this epigram, heartily wishing he may meet with that sufficient illustration which, I confess, I have fought for in vain.

One lock my Doris from her golden hair

Chose out, and bound me with the filken snare.

I laugh'd at first, and thought the idle chain

Small forcemight break; but, ah, the thought how vain!

displeased with every act of my attention to you. If these things afford you any satisfaction, enjoy still my anxiety, and, if you please, communicate it to those who now enjoy the happiness I wish for, and who will soon experience griefs* like mine. But propitiate by your prayers the Goddess of

When strength availed me nought, with plaint and tear,
A fettered captive, I assail'd the fair ;
Fast by this single lock I still am bound,
And Doris leads me where she lists around.

This passage may, I think, be better explained by a Greek proverb, in which it is said of a man in great danger, *α τειχος κειμεται*, he hangs by a single hair. Or it may allude to a proverb which arose from a story related of Dionysius the tyrant, of Sicily, who, having invited a man to a sumptuous entertainment, placed him where a drawn sword was suspended over his head by a "single hair." Our English phrase, of an "hair-breadth escape," may probably have been borrowed from the Grecian proverb.

* *Will soon experience.*]

Heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis,
Emirabitur insolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis, &c.

HOR.

Love,

Love, that she may not revenge your insolence upon you. Another would have written to you with complaints and threatenings; but I write with supplications and prayers; for I do love you, my Petala, to distraction: and I am afraid, lest, growing worse, I should imitate the love-complaints of the most wretched beings.

LETTER XXXVI.

PETALA TO SIMALION.

I Wish the family of a mistress could be maintained by tears; I should then live nobly, being supplied with them by you without grudging. But now I want money and cloaths, ornaments and servants: upon this depends the whole plan of life. I have no Myrrhinian inheritance, no mines of silver; I have only the pitiful presents of my stupid lovers, and those favours miserable in themselves, and given
 Love
 with

with much lamentation. Having now known you for a year, I am tired to death. All this time, I have not had one ornament upon my head *, nor seen a bit of paint; and, being cloathed in this old rough gown from Tarentum, I am ashamed to meet any of my friends. And how do you suppose I am to live upon my attendance on you? And do you then weep? It will soon be over; but if there be no person to maintain me, I am likely to be finely hungry; I do admire you and your tears, they are so absurd. Oh, Venus!—You say, man, you are in love! that you wish to be united with her you love! that you cannot live without her! What, then! have you no plate in your house †? Is there no

* *I have not had one ornament on my head.*] *Αὐχμηρὰν μὲν ἔχω τὴν κεφαλὴν.*

† *Have you no plate, &c.*] Lucian introduces a lady expostulating with her lover, and claiming credit with him for never having obliged him to rob his father and mother. “You use me cruelly, Lysias; but I deserve it, for my never having teased you for money, nor shut the door against you, telling you that somebody else was with me; nor persuaded you to bring me something, by cheating your father, or robbing your mother.”

money

money of your mother's, no bonds of your father's, that you could bring away? Happy Philotis! upon you the graces looked with a more favourable aspect. What a lover has she in Meneclides, who every day gives her something. This is better than your whining! My swain is a mourner, not a lover, who sends me his garlands, and his roses, as if to deck a premature grave; and he says he weeps through the live-long night. If you have any thing to bring, come without your tears; but, if not, torment yourself, and not me.

LETTER XXXVII.

MYRRHINA TO NICIPPA.

DIPHYLUS no longer pays any attention to me, but attaches himself totally to the impious Thessala. Indeed,

deed, till our feast of Adonis *, he used to come and sup, and spend the evening with me ; but now, like a man offended, he makes himself of consequence : he did this particularly when he was led home intoxicated by Helix, who, though the professed admirer of Herpyllis, was content to pass away a little time with me. But Diphilus plainly now shows that he never means to come near me : four days successively did he banquet, in the gardens of Lysis, with Thessala, and that accursed fellow Strongilion, who, at the hazard of my wrath, procured this woman for him. Letters were then sent him ; and the jaunts of servants backward and forward, and things of that sort, in vain took place, they were of no manner of use ; he seemed to be the more insolent, and to trample upon me so much the more. It remains

* The feasts of Adonis were sacred to his memory, and to the honour of Venus. They were celebrated for two days ; the first of which was a time of solemn lamentation, and the second of solemn revelry.

only for me, if he should at any time come with his addressee, to shut him out, for pride is usually overcome by contempt; but, should I not thus accomplish my purpose, I must apply a more violent remedy, as they do to persons whose case is desperate; for I have not only this grievance to encounter, that I may be deprived of Diphilus's money, but I may become also the ridicule of Theffala. You have a drug, you say, frequently tried with success upon youth; I must beg the assistance of this, to cure him of his pride, and his drunkenness too. Let us make overtures of peace to him, appear to weep a little, and tell him, among other things, to take care lest justice should overtake him, if he neglects one who loves him as I do: then will he come in downright compassion for a girl who is dying for love of him, and he will tell me, that it is right he should bear in mind time that is gone by, and our former affection, puffing himself up, an impudent scoundrel! Helix shall assist me,

1

and

and Herpyllis shall prepare him to give this assistance. But drugs are sometimes uncertain in their operations, and sometimes destructive. I care not; for matters are come to this, either Diphilus must live with me, or die with Thesala.

LETTER XXXVIII.

MENECLIDES TO EUTHYCLES.

SHE is gone, my dear Euthycles; the beautiful Bacchis is no more. She has left me many a tear, and the remembrance* of an attachment—how sweet an attachment! not repented of to the last. I shall not forget my Bacchis, never shall I see that

* *Remembrance of an attachment, &c.* Εἰς τοῦτο ἵδμεν
ἕως το τέλος ὃ ποιεῖται τὴν μνημν.

day.

day. What benevolence she displayed ! One might, without impropriety, call her life an apology for the profession of courtezans ; and, if their whole tribe united to place an image of her in the temple of Venus or the Graces, they would appear to me to present an auspicious offering. According to the general opinion, these women are all vicious, and faithless, attentive only to gain, ever at the service of him who has any thing to give, and the causes of every mischief to those who have any dealings with them. She has by her own life shewn this to be an unjust calumny ; so successfully has she opposed the common slander in her manners ! You know that Mede, who came hither from Syria, with what pomp and attendance he went about, offering Bacchis eunuchs, and women, and foreign equipage : she, however, would not listen to him ; but was content to sleep upon this poor and common mantle of mine ; and, receiving from me any small presents I could send, she sent
back

back the splendid golden offerings of the satrap. What a rebuff she gave the Egyptian merchant, holding out so much money to her ! Better than this woman no one can be, this I know well. What pity is it, that Fate did not direct such a disposition to a more fortunate choice of life ! Yet she is gone, and, having left me, must sleep henceforward in the solitary grave. Oh ye Fates ! how unjust are your decrees ! By my side she should still have been placed as formerly. Yet I survive, I take nourishment, I converse with my friends ; but she shall look upon me no more, smiling with her glistening eyes ; no more with that pleasantry and good-humour shall she pass the evening in the indulgence of her sarcasms, and her bewitching railery. A short time ago how she spoke ! how she looked ! how many Syrens were there in her conversation ! and how sweet, how unmixed, the nectar flowed from her kisses ! In short, Persuasion seemed to sit upon her lips ; and she wore the cestus which in-

cluded

cluded Venus with all the graces. The little songs, which she used to sing as the wine went round, are over; and the lyre, that was played on by her ivory fingers, is gone; and she, who was the care of all the graces, now lies mute, a stone, an heap of ashes. And yet Megara is still alive, the wicked, the impure Megara, who so cruelly plundered Theagenes, that, from possessing a good fortune, he went with his cloak and his shield as a common soldier. But my Bacchis who was attached to her lover,—she is dead.

I am easier, my dearest Euthycles, from having given vent to my sorrows. I find a pleasure in speaking or in writing of her, for nothing is now left me but the remembrance of her. Farewell.

H

LET-

L E T T E R XXXIX.

PHILUMENA TO CRITO.

WHY do you trouble yourself to write so often?—I want fifty pieces of gold; I do not want letters. If you love *me*, give me money; if you love the *money*, do not trouble me. Farewell.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK

B O O K II.

L E T T E R I.

LAMIA TO DEMETRIUS*.

OF the liberty I now take, you are yourself the cause, who, although a sovereign, yet permit a Courtezan to write to

* The ceremonious pomp and pride which distinguished Demetrius, according to Plutarch, are highly gratified in this letter of Lamia's. Ælian says of Demetrius, that he carried this folly to such pitch, as to visit his mistress Lamia in a complete suit of armour, and with a diadem on his head. Lamia, after a series of vicissitudes incidental to persons of her profession, became the mistress of Ptolemy,

to you, and think it no great matter to receive my letters, having received my undivided affections. Indeed, my Lord Demetrius, when I see you in the field, when I hear you among your guards, and behold you surrounded with your soldiers, and your ambassadors, and crowned with your diadem, I swear by Venus I am awe-stricken, and I turn from you as from the Sun, lest I should by its splendour destroy my eyes*: and then indeed you justly represent Demetrius,

King of Egypt; but by the victory which Demetrius obtained over that prince at sea, she fell into the hands of the Grecian, and obtained entire possession of his heart. She built in her life-time a magnificent Portico at Lycone, and at her death was complimented by the Athenians, who erected a temple in her honour.

* In ridicule of Queen Elizabeth's extreme vanity, it was said that she allowed her courtiers to tell her, that the lustre of her beauty dazzled them like the sun, and that they could not behold it with a fixed eye. Hume, vol. V. page 507. Without plagiarism, or imitation, there is a similarity in the ideas and the language of flatterers of all ages and countries.

the

the stormer of cities*. How striking, how warlike, then, is your appearance. I even distrust myself and whisper, Oh, Lamia! is this the man with whom you spend your evenings? to whom you sing through the whole night? who has just written to you? who prefers you to Gnathæna†? I then hesitate and am silent, uttering a prayer, that I may behold you again at my house. When you visit me, I throw myself at your feet; and when you fold me in your arms‡, I say on the other hand to myself, is this the stormer of cities? is this the man so signalized in the field? this he of whom Macedonia is afraid? at whose name all Greece trembles, and Thrace is alarmed? By Venus! this day

* *Stormer of Cities.*] Demetrius, for his skill and success in the art of war, was surnamed Πολιορκητής, the besieger of cities.

† Gnathæna was a cotemporary and rival courtesan, whose fame is not forgotten by the historians of her time.

‡ *When you fold me in your arms.*] ὅταν περιπλακῶς μεγα-
φίλης—

will I with my lute * besiege this besieger, and I shall see how he will get the better of me. Wait upon me, I request, three days hence, and you shall sup with me. I then celebrate my annual feast of Venus; and I attempt to make the splendour of every year's entertainment exceed that of the foregoing. I will receive you in a manner becoming the occasion; but the means of the banquet must be supplied by yourself. In this you may trust me; for, since the sacred moment of our connection, I have committed nothing unworthy of your liberality, although you allowed me to do as I pleased. I have used your confidence honourably, not prostituted it to others.

I will not indulge myself in the artifices of my profession; nor will I act with falsehood, my Lord, as others do; for, since

* *With my lute.*] Lamia is mentioned by Plutarch, Athenæus, and others, as having been remarkable for the melody of her voice, and for the exquisite skill and taste with which she touched the lute.

our intimacy, the men, by Diana! have scarcely looked at me, much less made love to me, dreading, Demetrius, some of your storming attacks. Love, oh King! is quick both in his attack and his departure: he who expects *, comes winged; and he from whom enjoyment has taken away expectation, is accustomed to drop his wing and depart. Thus, it is a common artifice among courtezans to govern their followers by inspiring them with hopes, and ever deferring their gratification; but with you such conduct would be absurd, for I do not fear your being satiated. Sometimes, however, those of our profession are obliged to do these things; one minute feigning indisposition, another giving entertainments, at a third sitting up an house,

* *He who expects, &c.*] This sentence is capable of two interpretations, whose meaning is dissimilar. Perhaps it may be. "The hoping lover flutters his wings, while despair causes those of the hopeless one to droop." The former translation agrees better with that part of the context which follows, the latter with the preceding.

by every method cutting off their blasted hopes of enjoyment; that their minds may be more tractable while they are in perpetual dread, lest some new difficulty should start up in the career of fortune. Upon others, my lord, I might practise these arts: but towards you, who are so attached to me, that you display me with ostentation in the face of other women, as if I excelled them all; by the Muses! I could not support such deceit; I am not so stupid. Nay, I should think it but a small sacrifice to give up every thing for your pleasure, even life itself. I well know that the preparation which I am making for your entertainment at the feast of Venus, will be celebrated not merely in the house of Theripis, but through the city of Athens; nay, by Diana, throughout all Greece: and particularly those odious Lacedæmonians, that they, who in Ephesus acted like foxes*, may appear like men, will

* There is a proverb of the Greeks aimed against bullying cowards, who are called οἱ καὶ μὲν λαιότες, ἐν μάχῃ δὲ
not

not cease upon the mountains, and in the solitary caverns of Taygetus *, to repeat their censures directed against our banquet, quoting their musty laws of Lycurgus in opposition to your taste and politeness; but let us think no more, my lord, of them. Do you remember to observe the day of my entertainment; and as to the hour, that must be the best which you fix upon, Farewell.

αἰώνιος, lions at home, but foxes in the battle. This Lamia (says *Ælian*) applied to the Lacedæmonians, after they had been corrupted by the luxuries of Lysander, in Ionia. She said, the lions of Greece are become foxes, now they are in Ephesus.

* Taygetus, a mountain of Laconia, sacred to Bacchus, famous for its breed of dogs.

LET-

LETTER II.

LEONTIUM TO LAMIA,

NO being is so difficult to be kept in good humour as an old fellow growing young again. How this Epicurus provokes me, peevish upon all occasions, suspicious of every thing, sending me letters *
written

* *Letters written in such a style, &c.*] *ἐπιστολας ἀδιαιλύτας.* These words may mean "letters sealed so curiously that it is difficult to open them." To this Epicurus was driven, says the commentator, by the fear of having his letters opened, which sometimes happened. I am led to prefer the former reading, from the insinuations thrown out by Lamia in the subsequent part of this letter, where she calls his epistolary compositions *διασπαστες*, disjointed, and of his language, she says, "he speaks like a Cappadocian just entered into Greece." Add to this, that in Athenæus mention is made of the inelegance of Epicurus's style: and Casaubon, in his notes upon that passage in Athenæus, affirms, though we know not upon what authority, that Epicurus could not speak the Greek language correctly. In addition to the above, the testimony of Diogenes Laërtius informs us, that
Epicurus

written in such a style that no ingenuity can solve their meaning, and forbidding me the liberty even of the garden. By the Goddess of Love! if he were an Adonis, and eighty years old, I could not bear him, such a filthy wretch as he is, unwholesome and wrapped up in cloth, made of hair instead of wool. How long can one support this testy Philosopher! Let him enjoy the authority of his own philosophy, and his crooked rules; but let him allow me to be my own mistress without being the object of his anger and insults; he may in truth be called a besieger, but not, my Lamia, in the same sense as your Demetrius*. There is no living upon moderate terms with such a fellow: he affects to copy Socrates, he speaks in sentences, and prates in ironical raillery, He takes Pythocles for Alci-

Epicurus made *perspicuity* the sole object of attainment in his style; for the sake of which he perhaps so neglected the ornaments of eloquence, as to produce a composition, which, while it was level to the capacities of the vulgar, was at the same time low, inharmonious, and unpolished.

* See Book II. Letter I.

biades, and thinks he shall make a Xantippe of me. I must at last take myself away, and change this land for some other, rather than endure any more of his disjointed love-letters.

But I wrote to you to ask advice, how I am to act upon a charge, which he has had the impudence to lay upon me, of the most grievous and intolerable nature. You know Timarchus the handsome Cephisian: I confess to you I have been for a long time in habits of familiarity with this youth. (To my Lamia it becomes me to speak the truth). He was almost the first object of my attachment; he seduced me from the path of virtue when I dwelt in his neighbourhood, from which time he has never ceased making me great presents of cloaths, money, and Indian slaves of either sex, with other things which I pass over. He is attentive to the smallest circumstance of gallantry, and sends me the fruits of the season; taking care that no one tastes them earlier than myself. This lover (says Epicurus)

curus) forbid; let him not approach; and he calls him, you may guess by what name, speaking not like an inhabitant of Attica, nor like a philosopher; but like some Cappadocian at his first entrance into Greece. But if the whole city consisted of Epicuruses, by the Goddess of Chastity! I would not compare them all together with one arm of my Timarchus, no! not with one of his fingers. What sayst thou, my Lamia, do I not speak what is fair and true? Do not suppose, I beg, that such a comparison can exist. Yet is this Epicurus a Philosopher! a man of celebrity! a man with many friends! Let him take my possession, and let him look for other disciples, I no longer pant for his knowledge. But give me, oh Ceres! the man I love, my Timarchus. Alas! on my account the youth was driven to abandon his pursuits, the exercises of the Lyceum*,
the

* The Lyceum was situated upon the banks of the Ilissus, a building dedicated to Apollo, and one of the
three

the games of the young, and the fellowship of his inmates; and to live with Epicurus, to flatter his wisdom, and to commend his pompous harangues. Then did this Atreus* cry, "Get out of my kingdom, come not near my Leontium;" as if the other might not have said with more justice, "Come not thou near *my* Leontium." Thus the younger finds a rival in the elder, and maintains not this superior right he possesses. Tell me, Lamia, I conjure you by the Gods, what shall I do in this case. By the mysteries of our religion! to which we look as our resource in misfortune, when I think of a separation from Timarchus, I am half dead, a cold damp overwhelms me, my head goes round †, and my heart quits

three which were set apart at Athens for the performance of bodily and mental exercises. The other two were the Cynosargis and the Academy.

* *Atreus*,] King of Mycene, who, discovering his younger brother Thyestes in intrigue with Europa his wife, banished him his kingdom.

† *My head goes round*, &c.] καὶ τὰ ἀρὰ καὶ ἡ καρδία μου ἀνίσταται. This may mean, my heart and my præcordia

quits its seat. I request you to receive me for a few days, and I will make him know the blessing he enjoyed when he had me in his house. He is now, I am confident, unable to bear my contempt. He will dispatch his messengers to me; Metrodorus, and Hermachus, and Polyænus. How often dost thou suppose, Lamia, I have said to him in my own mind, how dost thou, Epicurus? Do you not know that Timocrates ridicules you, for this sort of conduct, in public places, in the theatre, in the schools? But what can we do with this Epicurus? He has no discretion in his attachments; and I will now, like him, attend no longer to discretion, nor will I give up my Timarchus. Adieu.

cordia are turned upside down. The commentator professes not to know to what *τα ἀντα* refers. I believe the passage is capable of bearing either of these interpretations.

LET-

L E T T E R III.

MENANDER TO GLYCERA.

I Swear, my Glycerà, by the Eleusinian * mysteries, and the goddesses who preside over them (before whose altars I have already sworn in the presence of you only), that, in what I now affirm and commit to writing, I do not seek to exalt myself in your eyes, or to ingratiate myself with you by flattery; for what change of fortune could be so pleasant to me, bereft of

* The Eleusinian mysteries were celebrated every fifth year by the Athenians at Eleusis, a borough town in Attica. This solemnity was sacred to Ceres and her daughter Proserpina. It was the most mysterious and solemn festival of any in Greece, and often called by way of eminence the mysteries; so careful were they to conceal the sacred rites, that, if any person divulged any part of them, he was thought to have called down some divine judgement upon his head: and if any person, not lawfully initiated, through chance, or ignorance, or mistake, happened to be present, he was put to death.

you

you, as that I now enjoy? Or to what higher pitch of happiness can I be exalted, than the possession of your love? By the help of your disposition, and your manners, old age shall wear the appearance of youth. Let us then enjoy our youth together, let us together grow old, and by the Gods we will together visit the grave, lest jealousy descend with either of us, should the survivor enjoy any of the goods of fortune. But let it not be my lot to seek enjoyment when you are no more; for what enjoyment can then remain? But the reasons which induced me to write to you from Piræus, where I am detained by ill health (you know my usual infirmities, which my enemies call effeminacy and affectation); my reasons, I say, for writing to you while you remain in the city to finish the celebration of the feast of Haloa*, are these: I have received letters

* The Haloan feast was in honour of Ceres, and the offerings consisted of the fruits of earth. It takes its name from Haloas, a title of Ceres.

from Ptolemy, the King of Ægypt, in which he invites, by every mode of persuasion, myself and Philemon, promising us in a princely manner the good things, as they call them, of the earth. His letters say, also, that he has written to Philemon, who has indeed sent me his letters; but they are less ceremonious than those which are addressed to Menander, and less splendid in their promises. Let him consult for himself; I shall want no consultations. Thou, my Glycera, art my counsel; thou art to me the whole synod of Areopagites; thou art in my estimation all the counsellors of the forum; thou, by Minerva, ever hast been, and shalt continue to be, my every thing. I have sent you, therefore, the King's letters, that I might not give you the additional trouble of reading, in my transcript, what you would meet with afterwards in the original. I wish you also to be acquainted with what I mean to say in answer to them. To set sail and depart for Ægypt, a kingdom so far removed

moved from us, by the twelve great gods ! never entered into my thoughts ; nay, if Ægypt was situated in Ægina, near as that is to us, I would not even then (sacrificing the kingdom which I enjoy in your love) be a wanderer amidst Ægyptian multitudes, in a place which would be to me, without my Glycera, a populous desert. With more pleasure and more safety I court your favour than that of Satraps and of Kings. Besides, the loss of liberty is the loss of security ; flattery is despicable ; and Fortune, though in smiles, is not to be trusted.

I would not exchange for his Herculean goblets, his great cups, his golden vases, and all the boasted and envied ornaments of his court, our annual Choan * sacrifices, our shews in honour of Bacchus, the exercises of our Lycæum, and our scholastic employments ; I would not make

* The Choan sacrifices were offered up to appease the manes of the deceased. They consisted of honey, wine, and milk ; and are called Choan, from $\chi\omega\nu$, a libation.

such an exchange, by Bacchus I swear,
 and his wreaths of ivy! that ivy with
 which, in the theatre, I would rather be
 crowned in the presence of my Glycera,
 than wear the diadem of Ptolemy. In
 what part of Ægypt shall I see the people
 assembled, and giving their votes? Where
 shall I behold a multitude enjoying the
 sweets of liberty? Where shall I look for
 the dispensers of justice crowned with ivy?
 The sacred area? the choice of Magis-
 trates? the Libations? the Ceramicus*?
 the Forum? the Seat of Judgement? Leav-
 ing then my old neighbourhood Salamis†,
 and Psyttalia, and Marathon, all Greece
 in the city of Athens, all Ionia, the Cy-
 clades, and above all my Glycera; shall
 I pass over into Ægypt? For what? That

* The Ceramicus was a range of buildings, so called
 from Ceramus, the son of Bacchus and Ariadne.

† Salamis, an island in the Ægean Sea. So Psyttalia.
 Marathon, a village in Attica, rendered famous by the
 battle fought there, in which Miltiades, with ten thousand
 men, overthrew the Persian army, consisting of an hundred
 and ten thousand.

I may

I may receive gold and silver, and other articles of wealth? With whom then am I to enjoy these, when my Glycera is separated from me by such seas? Will not these possessions be poverty to me without her? And if I should hear that she has transferred her affections to another, will not all my treasures become as ashes? Then, indeed, in death I should bear away my sorrows and myself, while my riches would be exposed to the plunder of my enemies.

Is it then any great honour to live with Ptolemy, and a train of Satraps (empty titles!), amongst whom friendship is not without infidelity, nor enmity without danger? When my Glycera happens to be angry, I can snatch a kiss from her; if she continues to look grave, I am doubly peremptory with her; if she still hardens herself against me, I have recourse to tears. She then, in her turn, no longer able to support the task of tormenting me, betakes herself to her entreaties. These are the only weapons I have to cope with: she has

neither soldiers, nor spearsmen, nor guards;
I am all these to her.

Is it then great and wonderful to behold the Nile? And is not the Euphrates* too a noble object of admiration? Is not the Danube great and as extensive? the Thermodon? the Tigris? the Halys? and the Rhine? Were I to visit all the rivers I could enumerate, my whole life would be sunk without looking upon my Glyceria. Besides, this Nile, beautiful as it is, is full of monsters; and it is dangerous to approach the banks of a river baited with so many mischiefs. Ever then may it be my lot to be crowned, oh King Ptolemy, with the ivy of Attica†! May I meet death in my own country, and be buried in the land of my fathers! May I join in the annual celebration of Bacchus before our altars, and be initiated in the

* *Euphrates,*] a river of Mesopotamia.

† *Crowned with the ivy of Attica.*] Menander takes this method elegantly to insinuate his determination never to quit Attica, his native land.

complet

complete course of religious mysteries ! At our annual exhibitions may I present every now and then some new play*, and laugh, and rejoice, and contend among my equals, now agitated with fear, and now crowned with victory ! Let Philemon, then, enjoy in Ægypt the allurements held out to me; he has no Glycera, nor perhaps is he worthy of such a blessing. But do thou, I entreat thee, my dear Glycera, as soon as the Haloan feasts are finished, come flying to me upon your mule.

I never knew the festival so tedious before, or so unseasonable. May'st thou at last, oh Ceres, be propitious !

* It is remarkable that Menander bore away the prize only eight times, though he exhibited an hundred and five dramas. Philemon, a writer of inferior celebrity; but who found means to obtain influence among the judges, was frequently complimented with the honours which more properly belonged to Menander. Of this Menander was so conscious, that, meeting one day with Philemon, he said, "dost thou not blush, oh Philemon, when the judges decide the contest in thy favour ?"

LETTER IV.

GLYCERA TO MENANDER.

AS soon as you sent me the letters of the king, I read them; and (I call Ceres to witness, in whose temple I now am) I rejoiced, Menander, beyond the power of containing myself; nor did my joy escape the notice of those who were present. There was my mother, with my sister Euphorion, and a female friend whom you are acquainted with, one who has supped with you frequently; you praised the elegance with which she spoke the Attic dialect; but you did it as if you were afraid to commend her, till I encouraged you by a fervent kiss. Do you not remember this, Menander? These people, seeing unusual joy in my countenance and eyes, enquired

quired of me, "What great piece of good fortune, my dear Glycera, has befallen you, that you appear so totally changed in body and mind, while a certain gleam of joy and pleasure shines through your whole frame?" "Oh, said I, in a tone of voice loud enough for every one who was present to hear me, Ptolemy, the King of Ægypt, has sent for my Menander, promising him in a manner half his kingdom:" and when I spoke this, I held out, and brandished in my hands, the letter with the royal seal. "And can you then, said they, rejoice at being left behind?" But this was not the cause of my joy, Menander. I would not believe that such a thing could happen, even if the victim, at the altar*, should speak

* *Victim, &c.*] ἂν εἰ βῆς μοι τὸ λεγόμενον φθιγγαῖο. I would not believe it, even if that, which nature has formed mute, or incapable of uttering articulate sounds, should speak it. Or perhaps she might allude to the Apis of the Ægyptians, a deity worshiped under the form of an heifer: and this conjecture is strengthened by a proverb which prevailed amongst the Greeks, "I would not believe it, though

speak it, that Menander either could or
 would leave his Glycera in Athens, to
 become the sole King of Ægypt, in the
 full enjoyment of prosperity. Ptolemy
 has shewn in his letters that he has heard
 of our attachment, and, it seems, was de-
 siring of playing off his suspicions upon
 you with his Ægyptian Atticisms*. This,
 however is a satisfaction to me, that the
 stories of our love have travelled as far as
 Ægypt; and he supposes, indeed, that he
 cannot succeed in his request, when he
 desires all Athens to pass over to him; for
 what is Athens without Menander? and what
 is Menander without his Glycera? without
 me, to dress out his characters for him, to at-
 tire him for the theatre, to place myself be-
 fore the stage, and accompany the applauses
 of the audience, with the approbation of my

though the oak had spoken it;" in allusion to the oaks of
 Dodona, which were esteemed very sacred, and from whence
 oracular communications were made.

* This, I suppose, is spoken in contempt of Ptolemy's at-
 tempts at wit, when writing to one so famed for Attic ele-
 gance as Menander,

hands,

hands. That, indeed, is a moment in which I tremble with delight, and honour you in my mind as the sacred head and fountain of dramatic exhibitions.

My reason for telling the women I rejoiced, Menander, was this, that not only thy Glycera loves thee, but that Kings of remote regions love thee also; that fame has carried your virtues beyond the seas; and Ægypt, and the Nile, and the promontories of Proteus, and the Pharian cliffs *, are all raised in expectation and desire of seeing my Menander; of hearing the sentiments of every character he exhibits on the stage, whether they be misers, or lovers, or enthusiasts, or infidels, or old men, or young ones, or servants. Of these they may *hear*, indeed; but they shall never see Menander, unless they are in the same city with Glycera. They shall never, I say, see Menander, without seeing at the

* *Pharian Cliffs.*] Pharos, an island at the mouth of the Nile, on which was a watch-tower.

same time my happiness; Menander, whose name is every where known, but whose person is day and night fixed at my side.

Yet should any violent inclination seize you, to possess all the pleasures they hold out; or if, without any other wish, you should be desirous of seeing Ægypt, which is in itself worthy your notice, with its pyramids, its celebrated statues, its wonderful labyrinth, and many other things which time or art has consecrated to honour; I beseech you, Menander, make not me your excuse; let not me become an object of hatred in the eyes of your countrymen, who are already beginning to enumerate the presents* which the King will send them on your account. But go, with all the gods in your favour, go with propitious fortune, with prosperous gales, and Jove himself obedient to your invocations. I, however, will not separate myself from you; I neither can nor will do it; think

* *Presents,*] μέδιμνος, properly measures of corn. A medimnus was a measure containing six bushels.

not that I intend it; no, leaving my mother and my sisters, I will sail with you; and in the arts of managing a ship I am sure I shall become a proficient. I shall be able to drive away any sickness that may arise from contemplating the dashing of the oars, and I will attend to you when you are giddy from the tossing of the sea. I will conduct you to Ægypt without the clue of Ariadne*, while you support the character, not indeed of Bacchus, but of the attendant and priest of Bacchus. Nor will I then, like Ariadne, be left with a forlorn boat, to lament and bewail in the isle of Naxos, the infidelity of my lover. Farewell then to these Theseuses of antiquity, and the crimes of such ingratitude. To

* *Clue of Ariadne.*] She, struck with the charms of Theseus, delivered him from the Minotaur, by giving him a clue of thread, which conducted him out of the labyrinth, when he had overcome the monster about to devour him. In return for this, Theseus carrying Ariadne with him as far as the isle of Naxos, there abandoned her, leaving her to lament his infidelity. She afterwards became the favourite and the priestess of Bacchus.

me all places are alike fixed, whether the city of Athens, the Piræus, or Ægypt. Every place shall receive us with our affections undiminished; and, should we even dwell upon a rock, I am confident that love would make it the seat of happiness.

You, I am persuaded, can have no longing for possessions, or substance, or riches, whose whole mind is enwrapped in Glycera and poetry; but your relations, your country, your friends on all sides, are, you know, in want of many things; they want to grow rich, they want to heap up treasures. You shall have no blame then to throw upon me, in matters of small or great consequence: this I am determined upon, though you long ago gave yourself up to my management, through affection and love, and have now submitted even your judgement to the same management. With these proofs of your affection I am doubly transported, not dreading in you the consequences of a passion whose
im-

impulses are generally short-lived; for love is an affection, which, though violent, is yet easily dissolved; but, when consideration comes to its aid, it then becomes more irresistible: it is mixed with pleasure, and undisturbed by solicitous fears. But you must solve this argument, who are accustomed on such occasions to become my teacher. Yet, if *you* should not blame or accuse me, I am afraid of those Athenian wasps*, who will begin to buzz about me wherever I appear, as if I deprived Athens of the God of wealth. I beg of you, Menander, therefore, to restrain yourself, and do not at present send any answer to the King's letter. Consult upon it again; wait till we are together

* In Aristophanes' play of the Wasps, it is said of the Athenians, "examine us as you please, and you will find us in every thing, our manners, and our food, like wasps. First of all, no living creature is more irritable than we are, more acrimonious, or more passionate, than in other things we have the contrivances of wasps." &c. The same author calls the Athenians *wasps*, or grasshoppers.

with

with our friends, with Theophrastus and Epicurus : perhaps to them things may wear a different appearance. Let us sacrifice to the Gods ; let us hear what the priests say, whether it is better for us to embark for Ægypt, or stay where we are. Let us send to Delphi, and consult the Oracle ; for Apollo, you know, is among the Gods of our country : we shall thus have the determination of the gods, to urge whether we go or stay. But this scheme I prefer : I know an old woman, lately arrived from Phrygia, well skilled in these matters : she is very knowing in the mysteries of soothsaying, and pronounces from the stretching of a rope in the night, and by a vision from Heaven *. And one is rather disposed to trust one's eyes, as they say, than one's ears. To her I will send ; she must have time, as she has told me, to accomplish a certain

* For a complete account of the magical and superstitious ceremonies observed by the Greeks, I must refer the reader to " Potter's Antiquities of Greece."

purification, and to prepare the animals for the sacrifice, and the male frankincense, and the deep-growing styrax, the round cakes and the roots of mandrake. I think, however, she will be with me before you come from the Piræus. Tell me then how long exactly you can support the not seeing your Glycera, that I may hasten to you; in the mean time, I will have this Phrygian woman in readiness; and whatever you meditate, you must endeavour that the Piræus, and your country seat, and the pleasant Munychia, may by degrees be banished from your remembrance.

I cannot, by the Gods! do all this; nor indeed can you, while wrapped in your affection for me. Let Kings then send to you; my authority over you is superior to them all; you are my vassal, observant of your mistress, and of your oath of allegiance. Try then, and come, my love, with all speed to the city, that if you have changed your intentions with regard to your visit to the King, you may get those

K

plays

plays ready which are most likely to please Ptolemy; your Bacchus, no common exhibition you know, or your Thais, your Misanthrope, your Thrasyleon, your Suppliants, your Rhaphisomene, or your Sicyon. Surely I am bold and daring, being a foolish woman presuming to criticise the plays of Menander; but I enjoy the affections of one so wise, that I am enabled to form a judgement even of these matters. You have taught me, in your plays, that a woman of sense frequently learns from those she loves; and, by Diana! I should be unworthy of your regard, if I were dull in learning your lessons. Pray, my Menander, by all means prepare that play * in which you have described me; that, even if I were not present with you in person, I might yet, by such assistance, travel to the court of Ptolemy. The King would then more clearly see the

* *That play, &c.*] One of Menander's comedies was called Glycera.

sacrifice you made to him, in carrying with you the written remembrance of your love, and leaving the real object of it at home. Yet, be assured, you shall not leave that object behind. Till you come to me from the Piræus, I shall employ myself in learning to guide the helm and manage the sail, that I may go with you, and with my own hands conduct you in safety, if you think it expedient to depart. Let not, oh, ye Gods! that be hidden from us, which may be conducive to our common benefit! and may the Phrygian Goddesses speak with more truth, than your Glycera, though her bosom heaves with divine inspiration*! Farewell.

* Though she presumes to prophesy.

(1817)

I have been thinking of you very much lately
and wondering how you are getting on
I hope you are well and happy
I have been very busy lately
but I have managed to find some time
to write you a few lines
I am sure you will be glad to hear from me
I have been thinking of you very much lately
and wondering how you are getting on
I hope you are well and happy
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ADVICE

ADVERTISEMENT
TO THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
ALCIPHRON'S LETTERS.

THE reader has already been informed, that the volume now presented to him is the performance of two persons. I remind him of it again in this place, that he may not impute any errors he shall from this time discover, to the editor of the two preceding books, and that he

may be able immediately to account for any little variation of manner or of sentiment which may appear in this concluding part of the work.

Unfettered by any partiality towards each other, our plan has been, to give our opinions of Alciphron and his works, separately and without reserve, as they were impressed upon our judgements in the performance of our respective portions. The reader therefore has before him, not the aggregate labours of two men, who traversing an unknown region were fearful to advance a step, the one without the other, but rather separate communications given as the result of an excursion, where each, satisfied of the beauty of the country before him, agreed to divide it, because neither had leisure to explore the whole.

Having

Having premised this, I proceed to give my opinion of Alciphron and of the different orders of individuals of which his Epistles treat.

With regard to the precise period in which he lived and wrote, it has ever been involved in great obscurity, and for any thing which my researches have enabled me to discover, so it must remain. What Suidas says amounts to nothing. Fabricius, in his *Bibliotheca Græca*, does little more than tell us, that his works consisted of forty-four epistles, and were published by Aldus with the other epistolary writers. Since the time of Fabricius, many manuscripts of Alciphron have been discovered, from the use of which Bergler, his last editor, was enabled to give to the public the whole book which it has fallen to my province to translate.

That there are many more letters still, I have no doubt. It is well known that in the King of France's Library there are manuscripts of this author which Bergler had no opportunity of consulting ; and I am well informed, that there is a manuscript somewhere in this country containing several letters which have never yet been edited. The Onomasticon of Saxius detects Bergler in a palpable inconsistency in what he says concerning Alciphron's antiquity, but throws no farther light upon the subject. Harles, in his introduction " In Historiam Linguae Græcæ," speaks highly of the compositions of Alciphron ; " *suaves quidem,*" he observes, "*jucundæque lectu sunt epistolæ ;*" he places Alciphron betwixt Lucian and Aristænetus, but refers us for his authority to the Onomasticon above mentioned.

What-

Whatever may be the opinion of biographers and critics on this head, to go no farther than the pure Attic style in which he wrote, surely without parallel since the time of Lucian, we may venture to claim for Alciphron an antiquity sufficiently remote, to justify the attention we have paid him. The subjects also of his letters, being the domestic manners of the highest and the lowest orders of the Greeks, will also gratify, as we at least presume, the curiosity of every English reader. He will here find what he can find no where else, an interesting, and doubtless a faithful picture of two orders of people, of whom the little he can have known, must necessarily have prompted in him the desire of knowing more. Of the courtezans of Greece a very long and perhaps useful account might easily be written. The various accomplishments

accomplishments which they studied to acquire, and were known to possess, the influence they had, not only on private manners, but over public affairs, the rank which was assigned them in the scale of society, and the deference which was on many occasions paid them by the wisest and best of men, and this with a view not to sensuality, but to mental improvement, must tend to make their history well deserving of notice. To this the thirteenth book of Athenæus is entirely dedicated. From Lucian also much concerning them may be known. But I do not hesitate to affirm, that the manner in which this curious and delicate subject is introduced by Alciphron, deserves superior praise; for, at the same time that he greatly illuminates a part of ancient manners but little understood, the very mention of which excites suspicion and alarm,

alarm, we find him animated and perspicuous without injuring our taste or corrupting our morals.

But it is more particularly my business to speak of the Parasites of Greece, the letters composing the Third Book being chiefly from that order of men, who are in no other Greek author so agreeably or so minutely described.

However degraded and contemptible the Parasite became in succeeding times, the term itself is not more ancient than the office annexed to it was honourable. The word Parasite is derived from *παρά*, near, and *σιτος*, corn; and Parasiteum was the place or Granary where the sacred corn was deposited. The Parasite, of whom in remote periods there were twelve, was one of the officers to
 3 whom

whom the care and management of this corn was confided. Here, therefore, we behold the Parasite, not only in a respectable, but elevated rank; he was a sacred minister; and the word according to Athenæus, Book VI. was considered as synonymous with Guest. From being an attendant on the Gods, we next find the Parasite in the train of sovereigns and great men, but still a friend, a companion, and honourable officer, treated with respect by his patron, and esteemed by the public. In process of time, from being dependants of the great, they easily degenerated into servile flatterers of their pride, and instruments of their dishonest pleasures. Finally, in the more luxurious and opulent times of Athens, the Parasite appears amongst the most abject and worthless of mankind. Selected, perhaps, for their
 profligacy,

profligacy, their impudence, or their wit, they were admitted to the tables of the wealthy, to promote licentious mirth. This being the case, it seems not at all unnatural that we should at the same time find them the friends and companions of the courtezans. Such characters could not but be mutually necessary to each other; the courtezan solicited the acquaintance of the Parasite, that she might the more easily obtain and carry on intrigues with the rich and dissipated. The Parasite was assiduous in his attention to the courtezan as procuring through her means more easy access to his patrons, and was probably rewarded by them both, for the gratification which he obtained to the vices of the one, and the avarice of the other,

In this the meanest of all characters, we are obliged to contemplate

plate the Parasite in the letters before us. But, disgusting as the picture must oftentimes appear, it is not without its utility both to science and morality. To be acquainted with the interior and private manners of a polished and enlightened people can never be without its advantage, however frequent the occasion may be to reprobate and disapprove. It is the business of history to record both virtue and vice; and, while science honourably exercises itself in explaining the transactions of past ages, morality is no less usefully employed in separating the dross from the gold, for the amendment of the present and instruction of the future.

It is by no means essential to our purpose, but it nevertheless may not be amiss to inform the reader, that the Romans had also their Parasites:

As

As the stern rigour of the republic relaxed and degenerated into the splendour and dissipation of a despotic government, we find that the Roman Parasites became less respectable and more profligate. But it does not appear, that in the most licentious ages of the Empire they ever equalled in meanness or in vice those worthless characters described in such lively colours by Athenæus, Alciphron, and the comic poets of Greece. Frequent allusions to them are found in Horace and Juvenal, but particularly in Terence. As this latter writer honestly professed minutely to imitate Menander, the picture which he draws of the Parasite deserves particular attention. But as the features which he assigns him, though strong and coarse, are still less hideous than those in the book before us; it may be presumed, perhaps, that he softened the

the more offensive colouring out of respect to an audience not yet so corrupt as that to which the pieces of Menander were exhibited.

It seems almost unnecessary to add that the word Parasite is never used with us but in the worst sense, expressive of contempt and disgust,

B O O K III.

L E T T E R I.

G L A U C I P P E T O C H A R O P A.

OH, mother! I am quite beside myself; nor can I bear the idea of marrying the young Methymnæan, the pilot's son, to whom my father had betrothed me, since I saw Ephebus of the city, when you sent me there at the time of the Oscophorian festival, at which he assisted*. He is handsome,

* *He assisted.*] They who assisted at this festival were called Oscophoroi. The festival was celebrated in the month

L

mother,

mother, and not only handsome, but most captivating. His hair curls more delightfully than sea-moss; his smiles* are sweeter than the sea when calm; and the azure blue of his eyes resembles that of the ocean when it is first illuminated by the morning sun. His countenance altogether is such, that one would think the Graces † had

of October, and the Osciophoroi went in procession with the Thyrsus in their hands. A more particular account may be found in Meursius.

* *His smiles.*] This was a favourite image with the ancient poets, in one of which we find

πονητὸν ἀνερθεῖν γέλασμα,
The numberless smiles of the deep.

It occurs also in Lucretius ;

tibi rident æquora ponti.

and is by no means uncommon in Milton and our best English poets.

† *The Graces.*] This idea occurs in the Anthologia, in one of the epigrams of Meleager—beginning

ὦ Χαριτίς, τοὶ καλοὶ Ἀριταγόρην ἐσιδεύσῃ, &c.

Which I find thus paraphrased in a modern publication ;

Did

had forsaken Orchomenus, and neglected to bathe in the Gargaphian fountain, to sport upon his cheeks. His lips are ringed with the bloom of roses, taken from the bosom of Venus. I must either be united to him; or, like the Lesbian Sappho, I will throw myself into the waves, though not from the Leucadian rocks, from those of the Piræus.

Did not the Graces lately meet,

The youth my heart who warms?

Did they not leave their hallowed seat,

To press him in their arms?

They caused that to his face so fair,

Such wondrous charms belong,

They sport amidst his golden hair,

And whisper from his tongue, &c.

LETTER II.

CHAROPA TO GLAUCIPPE.

WHY, daughter, you are indeed beside yourself, and most certainly are mad.—You have divested yourself of all virgin modesty, and are in want of hellebore, not that of the common sort, but that which comes from the Phocian Anticyra.—Compose and conquer yourself, expell this mischief from your mind.—If your father shall have the least knowledge of this, without a moment's thought or hesitation, he will make you food for the monsters of the deep.

LET-

LETTER III.

EVAGRUS TO PHILOTHERUS.

THERE was a prospect of charming sport, and vast abundance of fish; but my net was unravelled, and I knew not what to do; however, I hit upon an expedient * worthy of Sisyphus. I determined to go to Chremes the usurer †, and promising him my

* *Expedient.*] The Greek is βολισμός; which term, in a former and subsequent epistle, is applied also to Ulysses and Palamedes, men eminently renowned in ancient story for their sagacity in the moment of difficulty and danger. Of Sisyphus Homer speaks thus, in the 6th Book of the Iliad,

Æolian Sisyphus, with wisdom blest —

* *Usurer.*] The name of an Usurer seems, in all ages and countries, universally to have excited indignation and disgust. The evils in particular which usury generated in Rome occasioned frequent and great commotions, and

my skiff, as a pledge to borrow four pieces of gold, that so I might repair my net.—No sooner said than done.—And this half starved Chremes, whose eyes are constantly on the ground, who looks sternly on every body, from desire perhaps of the boat, relaxed his gloom and severity, smiled graciously upon me, and professed himself ready to do all I wished: but he soon discovered himself after this unnatural graciousness, and shewed that he had no good intentions, but that his liberality was all delusive. As soon as the time came, he demanded what he had lent, with the usury, nor would he give me an hour. I then knew him to be the same whom I had frequently seen sitting in the gate of Diometis, with his crooked staff; the very same Chremes of Phlya, who was

form an interesting part of the History of that Empire. See an admirable digression on this subject, by Gibbon, vol. VIII. octavo edition, p. 87. An interest, from four to twelve per cent. on money, was allowed by the Justinian Code, as contingencies demanded; all beyond this was illegal.

always

always the enemy of every body, and was then prepared to seize my skiff. Seeing to what perplexity I was reduced, I returned home, and taking the gold chain which, when richer, I had made for my wife, as an ornament for her neck, I carried it to Paseo, the money-lender, and sold it. Having got the money, I paid my debt, with the usury. I then swore within myself, that I would never think of going near any one of these city usurers, not even if I were to perish with hunger; for it is better to die without discredit, than to live and be subject to the extortions of a low-minded, money-scraping, old miser.

L E T T E R IV.

TRECHEDIPNUS TO LOPADECHTHAMBUS.

THE hand does not yet point to six; whilst I, pinched by hunger, am almost ready to perish. Well, let us call a council, Lopadechthambus, or rather let us find a beam and rope, and go and hang ourselves.—If we throw down altogether the column which supports that cursed dial, or place the index so that it may gain a few hours; we shall contrive a scheme worthy the invention of Palamedes * him-

* *Palamedes.*] A catalogue of the inventions ascribed to Palamedes may be found in the Scholia to the Orestes of Euripides, amongst which the art of measuring time is particularly specified.

The very same expression occurs in the 1st Book of Athenæus, “The invention is very wise, and worthy of Palamedes:” The invention of Dialling is, however, disputed with Palamedes, by Anaximenes of Miletus.

self. As it is, all my juices are exhausted from famine.—Theochares will never go to table till the servant comes to let him know it is fix.—We must therefore contrive something to deceive, and render vain the punctuality of Theochares.—Brought up under a rigid and severe pedagogue, he likes no youthful propensities, but, like Laches and Apolescias, is austere in his manners*; nor will he satisfy his appetite before his fixed hour. Farewel.

* *Austere in his manners.*] See Horace, Ep. II. L. II.

Ingenium sibi quod vacuas desumpsit Athenas,
Et studiis annos septem dedit, insenuitque
Libris et curis, statuâ taciturnior exit
Plerumque, &c,

LET.

LETTER V.

HECTODIOCTES TO MANDILOCOLAPTES.

LATE yesterday evening Gorgias of the family of Eteobutades accidentally met, and kindly saluted me. He complained that I did not oftener go and see him; and after jesting with me a little, "Go, my good fellow, says he, and having bathed, come to me again: but bring with you Aëdonium the courtezan, with whom I am intimately connected; and who lives, as you know, not far from the Leocorion*. I have a great supper, noble dishes of fish, and flasks, you may tell her, of Mendesian

* *Leocorion.*] The name of a public monument erected by the Athenians in the middle of the Ceramicus, to the memory of Leo; who, in the time of a severe famine, agreed to sacrifice his children in order to stop its progress. The word is formed of Leo the man's name, and *νῆος*; a damsel.

nectar.

nectar*." Having said this, he left me. But when I hastened to Aëdonium, and informed her by whom she was invited, I found I had got into a scrape. Gorgias, it seems, had been ungrateful to her, and sparing of his presents. Her anger therefore arising within her, she snatched a kettle from the hearth, and would have poured it full of boiling water on my head, if I had not quickly made my escape, which I did with difficulty. Thus, after being nourished with flattering hopes of pleasure, we experience a greater share of mortification.

* *Mendesian.*] The name and quality of every different wine in use among the ancients, we find accurately stated in Athenæus. Of the Mendesian, he says it was a good digester.

LET.

LETTER VI.

ARTEPITHYMUS TO CNISOZOMUS.

I Want a rope, and you shall soon see me hanging by the neck. I never can support these cuffs *, and other marks of insolence from the abandoned gluttons: but yet I cannot tame this cursed and voracious stomach. It is always craving, and, not content with being filled, must needs have luxuries. Yet my cheeks cannot endure these repeated boxings, and I am in danger of losing my other eye by blows of the cudgel. Alas! alas! what does this ever hungry, and all-devouring stomach, compel us to go through! I am therefore

* *These cuffs.*] See the Eunuch of Terence, Act. II. S. II.

At ego infelix neque ridiculus esse neque plagas pati possum,

deter-

determined, that, after some hearty and luxurious feast, I will vomit up my soul, for, in my opinion, an agreeable death is better than a life of calamity.

LETTER VII.

ETÆMOCORUS TO ZOMECPNEON.

WHAT a day was yesterday! or what genius, or deity of the play*, interposed to preserve me, at the very moment
I was

* *Of the play.*] The Greek expression is *αὐτο μυχᾶν*; which carries with it somewhat of a ridiculous allusion. When the dramatic poets of Greece introduced a character into some perplexity, from which no obvious means appeared of extricating him, they created a deity for this purpose, whom they called *Θεὸς αὐτο μυχᾶν*. Thus, in the *Ajax* of Sophocles, Minerva is introduced in a conversation with Ulysses; and, in the *Philoctetes*, Hercules is brought upon

I was about to go where many have gone before us ! I was leaving the party half, nay, more than half dead, when Acesilaus, the physician, fortunately saw me. If he had not ordered his disciples to take me up and carry me home, where he made me vomit, and afterwards plentifully bled me, I had certainly perished in a state of stupid insensibility. To what treatment am I obliged to submit, from these over-rich people !—May they meet their deserts !—One makes me drink to excess, and eat more than my stomach is able to contain.—Another crammed me with sausages ; a third stuffed a huge crust of bread into my jaws ; a fourth forced a mixture upon me, not of wine, but of mustard, fish-sauce, and vinegar, as if pouring it into a cask—

upon the stage, to persuade Philoctetes to accompany Neoptolemus to the siege of Troy.

The Greek phrase is also necessary to explain the following passage in the *Ars Poetica* of Horace :

Nec deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.

I vomiting this up again, filled all the vessels, jars, and chamber-pots, inasmuch, that Acefilaus wondered how I could contain such a load of victuals.—But since the Gods, who preserve mortals, and avert calamities from them, manifestly interposed to rescue me from destruction, I am determined to work.—I will go to the Piræus and earn my living, by removing the loading of ships to the warehouses.—It is better to get a certain livelihood, though it be on leeks and oat-cakes, than to feast on dainty fare and pheasants*, and every day to dread a sudden death.

* *Pheasants.*] These birds, which in more ancient times were so exceedingly rare, that they were only served up at the tables of the Princes, were so common when Athenæus lived, that one was placed before each guest at the conclusion of a common entertainment. See Athenæus, Book XIV.

LET-

L E T T E R VIII.

CENOPECTES TO COTYLOBROCHTHIS.

GO take your pipe and tabor, and come about the first watch of the night to the golden alley, by Agnus, where we may meet. We may then take from Sciros* the courtezan Clymene, and conduct her to Therippides of Aexona, who is lately become rich. He has long loved her passionately, and lives at a great expence on her account, but in vain. She, as soon as she found how much the young man was stricken, affected a vast deal of pride and insolence, and though she has already had a great deal from him, refuses to grant him her favours, unless,

* *Sciros.*] This was a place in Athens which seems by legal appointment to have been the residence of the Courtezans;—of those I presume who were more common.

besides

besides money, he shall give her a farm. Now is the time, therefore, that we should compel her, if she any longer pretend to resist, to accompany us. We are two, and both of us strong, and can easily bring her with us, however reluctant. When Therippides shall see this, and know it to be effected by our activity, we shall doubtless receive from him, not only a good sum of gold for this new contrivance, but rich cloaths; besides, we shall have admission to his house at our pleasure, and enjoy the benefits of it without the inconveniencies attending us. Perhaps, instead of considering us as parasites, he will esteem us as his friends. They who do not wait to be told to do a kindness, are no longer thought roadeaters, but real friends.

M

LET.

LETTER IX.

* * * * *

IN trying whether the young dogs were fit for the chace, I started a hare from a little bush; my sons loosed the dogs from the slips*. They frightened her confoundedly, and were very near taking the game. The hare, in her flight, climbed a steep place, and found a retreat in some burrow. One of the more spirited of the

* *The Slips.*] This is a very curious letter, and, as I am given to understand, a very faithful description of a course, as we now have it, with greyhounds. The slips mentioned on this occasion, corresponded, there can be no doubt, with those in use amongst us at the present day, which even in this country appear to have been no modern invention—They are mentioned by Shakespeare. See *Henry V. Act III. Scene I.*

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips, straining upon the start.

dogs

dogs pressing close upon her, gasping, and expecting to take her in his gripe, went down with her into the hole. In endeavouring to pull out the hare it broke one of its fore-legs. I lifted up my good dog with its lame leg, and found the hare half devoured: thus, when I hoped to get something, I encountered a serious loss.

LETTER X.

IOPHON TO ERASTON.

I Wish* the devil had that cursed and good-for-nothing cock, who, by his horrible crowing roused me from the sweetest dream. I thought, my dear neighbour, that I was a magnificent

* *I wish.*] This is one amongst many other tokens, in which a striking resemblance may be observed betwixt Lucian and Alciphron. The subject of this letter, and of the dream of Lucian, are entirely the same.

and very rich fellow ; that I had a number of slaves attending me, as stewards and providers : I thought that I had on my fingers a multitude of rings and gems, of many talents value ; that my hands were delicate and soft, without any vestige of having handled the spade. I had flatterers by my side ; Gryllion, probably, and Patæcion. Besides all this, the people of Athens, entering the theatre, insisted on having me for a general. Whilst they were voting* for me, this rascally cock screamed out, and all my vision disappeared. Nevertheless, when I woke I was vastly happy ; but when I found that this was the fall of the leaf†, I recollected that all dreams must be false and delusive.

**They were voting.*] *Χειροτονίας*.—The holding up of hands, which, as appears from Aristophanes, and other ancient writers, was the mode of election to any public office.

† *Fall of the leaf.*] Plutarch, in his *Symposia*, has a similar remark:

“ Dreams are uncertain and false, but particularly in those months when the leaves fall”—*φύλλοις μηνίας*.

LET-

LETTER XI.

DRYANTIDAS TO CHRONIUM.

YOU have no longer any regard either for our marriage, our common children, or our residence in the country; the city now is every thing to you. Pan you hate, as well as the nymphs whom you used to call Epimelidæ, the Dryads and Naiads. Instead of our former ancient deities, you must introduce new ones. Where in the country shall I place the Coliadæ* and Genetyllidæ†? I

* *Colias.*] Colias was one of the names of Venus. This goddess having a temple and statue erected to her at the promontory Colias. See a long account of this title of Venus in the Memoire sur Venus of Larcher.

† *Genetyllidæ.*] Genetyllis was another name of Venus. This appellation corresponded with the Venus Genetrix of the Romans, whose worship was first introduced at Rome by Julius Cæsar.

know, indeed, that I have heard of many deities, most of which, on account of their number, are obliterated from my memory. Why you are out of your senses, wife! nor in any thing reasonable. You vie with those Athenian women who roll in luxury, whose countenances are made up, and who are full of wickedness. They cover their cheeks with vermilion, ointments, and essences, more than the best painters do. You, if you are wise, will retain the appearance you make after washing yourself well with soap and water.

LETTER XII.

PRATINAS TO EPIGONUS.

IN one of the hottest noons, having chosen a pine-tree waving to the wind, and exposed to its breezes, I sat down in
 I its

its shade, to protect myself from the heat. When I had delightfully cooled myself, it came into my head to practise music. Taking up my pipe, I applied my tongue to it, drawing from it, into my closed lips, the softest notes: the melody was sweet, and altogether pastoral. My goats, I know not how, were all so charmed with the sweetness of my performance, that they, from all sides, thronged round me, and ceasing to eat the shrubs and verdure, listened to me in silent attention. In the midst of my enjoyment I fancied myself like Orpheus. I impart this pleasant information to you, that my friend may know I have the luck to possess a flock understanding music.

LETTER XIII.

CALLICRATES TO ÆGON.

TAKING advantage of the proper season, I had sunk the circular trenches, and was prepared to plant out my olives, and bring them water from the adjoining valley; but a heavy storm of rain, which continued successively for three days, and as many nights, produced torrents upon the tops* of the hills; which coming down, brought with them a quan-

* *Tops of the hills.*] A similar expression occurs in Virgil, *Æn.* V. 305.

Rapidus montano flumine torrens
Sternit agros, sternit fata læta boumque labores—

See also Lucretius, Lib. I.

Flumine abundanti quod largis imbribus auget,
Montibus ex aljis magnus decursus aquai—

tity

tity of clay that filled my trenches; so that every thing formed one flat surface, wearing a uniform appearance, without the smallest vestige of cultivation. Who would any longer bestow his labour in vain, looking to the uncertain events of agriculture? I will try some other mode of life: they say that a change of professions generally brings with it a change of fortune.

LETTER XIV.

SITALCES TO CENOPION.

IF you take after your father, my son, or are at all of my opinion, you will bid adieu to these idle, barefooted, and pale-faced crew, who infest the academy; and who, with regard to what is really useful

useful in life, are alike ignorant and helpless ; but who are busily employed in sublime speculations *. Bid these adieu and study agriculture, at which, if you be assiduous, your granary will be full of corn, your casks of wine, your house of all good things.

* *Sublime speculations.*] The reader may see this subject treated with exquisite humour in a fragment of the comic poet Epicrates, which is preserved in Athenæus, Book II. Mr. Cumberland, in his *Observer*, Vol. IV. has given a good translation of it, which is in part as follows:

A. I pray you, Sir,

What are your wise philosophers engaged in ?
Your Plato, Menedemus, and Speusippus,
What mighty mysteries have they in projection ?
What new discoveries may the world expect
From their profound researches ?

B. Sir, you shall know—At our great festival
I was myself their hearer—I must speak,
Of things perchance surpassing your belief.
For ten most sage Academicians fate,
In solemn consultation—on a cabbage.

A. A cabbage!—What did they discover there ?

B. Oh ! Sir, your cabbage has its sex and gender,
Its provinces, prerogatives, and ranks ;
And nicely handled breeds as many questions
As it does maggots, &c.

LET-

LETTER XV.

COTINUS TO TRYGODORUS.

THE vintage is at hand, and I want some baskets; lend me, therefore, all you have which you do not want, and I will return them soon. I have many more casks than I shall have occasion for; if you wish to have any, say so without reserve. A community of goods * amongst friends, and particularly in the country, ought certainly to prevail.

LET-

* *Common property of goods.*] This was a very ancient and very popular proverb. See one of the best epigrams of Martial, Book II. Ep. XLIII, which is upon this subject.— He addresses himself to one Candidus, who had this proverb constantly in his mouth; but whose actions were constantly at variance with his words—

Candide, κοινὰ φίλων, hæc sunt tua, Candide, πάντα
Quæ tu magniloquis nocte dieque sonas—

* * * * *

Ex

LETTER XVI.

PHYLLIS TO THRASONIDES.

IF you would pursue agriculture, and be wise, oh Thrasonides! as well as obedient to your father, you would first offer to the gods ivy, laurel, myrtle, with such flowers as are in season. You would also present to us, your parents, the fruits of your harvest, a portion of your wine, and, as often as you milked your goats, would send us a brimming pail. But you despise the country and its employments. You

Ex opibus tantis veteri fidoque Sodali

Das nihil et dicis, Candide, πάντα φίλων.

This community of possessions was a favourite dogma with Plato, and is considered by him as the perfection of his favorite Republic. Aristotle, in his Politics, modifies this sentiment of Plato, thinking it wise and good under certain restrictions.

admire

admire the three-crested helmet*, and are fond of a shield, like a mercenary of Acarnania or Melis. Change this turn of mind, my son, return to us, and embrace a life of tranquility. The practice of agriculture is secure from all dangers; it has neither troops, stratagems, nor phalanxes. Come to us, and be the support of our age; thus, instead of a life of hazard, choose one of security.

* *Three-crested helmet.*] See the speech of Douglas in the popular tragedy of that name:

My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills
 My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
 Whose constant care was to encrease his store,
 And keep his only son myself at home.
 But I had heard of battles, &c.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

CHÆRESTRATUS TO LERIUM.

THE deuce take you, say I, Lerium, who with your wine and your music so fascinated me, as to make me much too slow in returning to them who sent me into the country. They expected me in the morning, to bring the casks for which I came; but I, a gentleman of spirit, let the whole night pass in listening to the music, and then slept till mid-day. Go to, you naughty wretch, and entrap the citizens with your snares; if ever you get me into a scrape any more, you shall repent it most severely.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

EUSTACHYS TO PITHACION.

I AM about to celebrate the birth-day of my son; and I invite you, my Pithacion to the feast. But come not alone; bring with you your wife, children, and your brother. If you will, you may also bring your bitch *, who is a good guard, and by the loudness of her voice drives away the enemies of your flocks. She will not, I warrant, disdain to be partaker of our feast. We will celebrate our entertainment merrily; drink till we are tipsy, and when tired of that we will sing. Whoever then is qualified to dance the

* *Your Bitch.*] A similar invitation is given in the *Plutus* of Aristophanes: "Go," says some one to a slave, "this moment, and desire your master to come. Tell him to bring also his wife, his children, his servants," *his dog, &c.*

Cordachis *, shall advance into the midst and amuse us. Make no delay, my good fellow, for in these votive solemnities, the feast should commence early in the morning.

LETTER XIX.

PITHACION TO EUSTACHYS.

MAY all good, my dear Eustachys, betide you, your wife, and your children, for you are a kind and affectionate neighbour. I have at length caught the thief who has occasioned me so much vexation, having plundered me of a plough-

* *Cordachis*.] This was the specific name for an indecent dance; but Athenæus, in his fourteenth book, informs us, that it was in no great estimation amongst the Greeks.

handle and two hatchets: I keep a strict watch over him, expecting my neighbours to assist me. Considering my weak condition, I did not think it adviseable to attempt the seizing him alone. He looks very stern with his large arched eye-brows, has brawny shoulders and stout legs. I, on the contrary, am worn out with the labours of the spade, have hard swellings on my hands, and my skin as parched as the cast one of a serpent. My wife, however, and children shall come and partake of your entertainment; but my brother is sick. In the meanwhile, I and my dog must stay at home, and have a strict watch over this scoundrel.

N

LET.

LETTER XX.

NAPÆUS TO CRINIADAS.

YOU know* that I had laden my ass with dried figs. Having carried them to the place, where I sold them to a man very well known, some one or other carried me to the theatre, where, placing me in a convenient situation, he greatly delighted me with different spectacles. Of the other things I have no perfect recollection, for I confess myself rather dull, either in comprehending or relating such matters. But one thing, when I saw it, rendered me almost speechless, and made me gape with surprize : a certain person advanced into the middle, and, producing

* *You know.*] This is a very curious letter; and the fellow described in it seems to have been much like one of our travelling conjurors with cups and balls.

a three-footed table, placed upon it three little dishes; under these he concealed some small, white, round pebbles, such as we find on the banks of rapid streams; these he sometimes hid, one by one, under a different dish; and sometimes, by I know not what method, shewed them altogether beneath one; at other times he caused them to disappear from under the dishes, and discovered them in his mouth; having swallowed them, he brought those who stood nearest him into the middle, and then pulled one stone from his nose, another from his ear, and a third from his head; finally, he caused them to vanish from the sight of every one. He is a most dextrous fellow; and even beyond Eurybates of Œchalia, of whom we have heard so much. I should be sorry to have such a creature in the country, for we should never be able to catch him in his tricks; and he would steal every thing I had, and strip my farm of all it contains.

LETTER XXI.

EUNAPE TO GLAÛCA.

MY husband is from home, having for these last three days been in the city.—Our hired servant Parmeno is quite a nuisance; a very stupid fellow, and eternally asleep.—There is a huge wolf in the neighbourhood, whose sparkling eyes bespeak his ferocity and thirst of slaughter. He has taken away Chion, the most beautiful of our she-goats. He lups upon my beautiful she-goat, in full milk; while I shed abundance of tears. My husband knows nothing of these matters; when he does, the hireling will certainly be hanged on the next pine-tree; and my good man will never desist, till, by trying every art, he shall take vengeance on the wolf.

LET-

LETTER XXII.

POLYALSUS TO EUSTAPHYLUS.

I Had placed a trap for these cursed foxes, and put a piece of flesh upon the catch. They had infested the vines, and not only tore down the unripe fruit, but broke away whole branches. My master was said to be coming home. He is a very severe man. He is continually giving his sentiments, and proposing schemes to the Athenians; and by his peevishness and his rhetoric, has brought many before the council of the Eleven*. Fearful lest I should have some-

* *The Eleven.*] Each of the ten tribes of the Athenians elected from their number one of their Magistrates, to which a *Γραμματεως* was added. Their business was to attend executions, and they had the charge of all the prisoners.—They were also authorised to seize thieves of all descriptions, to examine and punish them.

thing to suffer from a master of such a character, I wished to take the thief of a fox, and give it to him; but the animal did not come; and Plangon, a little Melitæan dog*, which we take care of as the favourite of our mistress, rushing with voraciousness upon the bait, has been now for three days past stretched out, dead and putrid.—Thus, unluckily, I have heaped one mischief upon another; for how, from this ill-natured fellow, can I

* *Melitæan dog.*] That is, of Malta.—It appears that these dogs were highly esteemed. Lucian gives a laughable account of a grave Philosopher, a Stoic, who was selected by a great lady to carry her favourite dog, that no harm might happen to it. It was entertaining enough, says Lucian, to see this old fellow carrying the dog, whose head popped out from the Philosopher's cloak. He barked too at every one that passed, and was constantly licking the old man's beard, which these little dogs always do. The lady's lover, who observed the ridiculous situation of the Philosopher, remarked, that from a Stoic he was in a moment transformed into a *Cynic*. Lucian adds many other ludicrous circumstances: He tells us, that this was a bitch big with young, and that it brought forth in the Philosopher's vest.

expect

expect any forgiveness? I shall fly as fast as my legs will carry me. I must bid adieu to the country, and all I possess there. I have only to save myself, and, instead of waiting to be punished, take care to avoid it.

LETTER XXIII.

THALLUS TO PITYISTUS.

I Delight to see the fruits all grow ripe, for the gathering of them is a just compensation of our labour; but I am particularly fond of taking the honey* from the hives. After lifting some hives from the stores, I perceive I have some new swarms. The first thing I do is to select a portion

* The honey produced at Hymettus, a mountain of Attica, was esteemed the best in the world.—See Strabo.

for the Gods : I then assign a portion for my friends. The comb is very white, and distills drops of Attic honey, such as the Brilefian * caves produce. At present I send you this; next year, you shall receive from me better and sweeter.

LETTER XXIV.

PHILOPÆMEN TO MOSCHION.

IT should seem that I maintained a wolf †. My rascally slave attacking my goats has made sad havoc amongst them, selling some, and slaying others. As for him, he fills himself even to sur-

* *Brilefian.*] Brileffus was the name of another mountain in Attica.

† *A wolf.*] This expression seems to have been used on all occasions amongst the Athenians, where terror and abhorrence were excited. See Theocritus, Idyll. V. 38.

feiting,

feiting, feasting his throat, and indulging himself with dancing and music, and frequenting the perfume shops *. My folds in the mean time are empty, and the goats which I had are destroyed. Hitherto I remain quiet, lest, foreseeing my intentions, he make his escape. If once I can surprize him, and get him into my power, his hands shall be bound, and his legs fettered †. Thus, when confined to the plough, the harrow, and the spade, he shall be made to forget his luxuries, and, by his suffering, shall be taught to embrace the moderation of a country life.

* *Perfume shops.*] These seem to have been places of fashionable resort for the idle and luxurious, just like the “vacui tonsoris in umbrâ” of Horace.

† *Fettered.*] From this and various passages in the ancient Greek writers, we have too much reason to conclude, that the condition of the Slaves was the most abject that can be imagined, and the severity with which they were treated equally offensive to the common rights of humanity and the refined liberality of modern times. Their situation at Rome was not in the smallest degree preferable.

LETTER XXV.

HYLE TO NOMIUS.

YOU are for ever going to the city, Nomius; and you care not whether you are to see the country even for a moment. In the mean time, our lands lie fallow from the want of cultivation. I keep house by myself, and along with Syra with difficulty maintain our children; but you, in fact more than half an old man, are become a youth of Athens. I am informed, that you spend most of your time in the Scirus and Ceramicus, which they say is chiefly frequented by those who spend their lives in idleness and profligacy.

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

LENÆUS TO CORYDON.

JUST as I had cleaned the floor, and laid the van on one side, my master appeared, who saw and commended my industry. Suddenly that Corycæan Dæmon* Strombichus came upon me, I know not how. He seeing me follow my master, took up the cloak which when at work I had thrown off, and went away carrying it under his arm. Thus I became the ridicule of my fellow-servants.

* *Corycæan Dæmon.*] "A Corycæan has heard him," was a proverbial expression amongst the Greeks. See *Erasmi Adag.* Chil. I. Cont. II. p. 44. It took its rise from the artifices of the banditti, who infested Mount Corycus. They divided themselves into small parties, and mixing with travellers found out their views, &c. from conversing with them: this done, they communicated to their fraternity what they had discovered, and took their measures accordingly.

LETTER XXVII.

GEBELLUS TO SALAMINIS.

WHAT is it you can mean, Salaminis, by being so proud? Did not I, when you were sitting in the workshop by the side of the lame taylor, carry you away, and that without the knowledge of your mother? Do I not now maintain you as if I had married you a wealthy heiress? But you, humble as you were, now laugh at and ridicule me continually. Will you not forbear this insolence? I will take care that you shall find your lover become your master, and I will teach you to roast barley * in the country. Thus you will know

* *Roast barley.*] This seems to have been a common employment with the women who resided in the country.

know by experience what evils you have brought upon yourself.

LETTER XXVIII.

SALAMINIS TO GEBELLUS.

I Am prepared to endure every thing, rather than submit to your embraces. This last night I did not run away, nor did I conceal myself in the shrubs as you imagined; but I entered the kneading trough, and turned it over me for a covering. As I have determined to finish my life with a halter, hear my real sentiments; my approach towards death takes away every impression of fear. I hate you, oh Ge-

See Herodot. Book VIII. where the Oracle foretells, that the women inhabiting the promontory of Colias shall roast corn over a fire made of the wrecks of vessels.

bellus,

bellus, with your huge bulk of body, and I would avoid you as a monster; nor can I bear your fœtid breath, which you draw from your inmost stomach. Beast as you are! may you perish miserably! find out some doating old woman in the country, mumbling with her single grinder, and stinking of oil of turpentine!

LETTER XXIX.

ORIUS TO ANTHOPHORION.

I Believed you, Anthophorion, to be a plain man, in every respect a rustic, and smelling as it were of the dregs of oil and dust. I was ignorant that you were a famous orator, celebrated beyond those who in the Meticheum contend for the

the rights of others. In all the causes which you lately pleaded before the magistrate, you were victorious without reserve. To be sure, thou art a man of most extraordinary eloquence, and more voluble of speech than a turtle-dove*. I shall use you for my advantage as to your talent of speaking; for I am exposed to the attack of some who wish to plunder me. I am a lover of ease, but I am very sensible that this disposition causes many of my troubles.

* *A turtle-dove.*] Ælian, and from him Erasmus, asserts of this proverbial expression, that it arose from the nature of the turtle, "quæ non ore tantum, sed etiam postica corporis parte clamare fertur."

LET-

LETTER XXX.

AMPELION TO EVERGUS!

THE winter is this year so severe, that it is impossible to stir out. Every place is covered with snow, which spreads its whiteness not only over the hills, but over the vallies. There is no doing any work, and yet it is disgraceful to sit and do nothing. I looked from my window, and had just opened a little bit of the door, when I saw that the snow had brought with it a large flight of birds, of thrushes and blackbirds. I immediately took some glue in a dish, and covered with it the branches of the wild pear-tree. Never did I behold so great a cloud of birds, all of which hung from the twigs; a most pleasant sight; some caught by the wings, others by the head and feet. I have selected and
sent

sent you five-and-twenty of the largest and fattest. Good people participate each other's good things, exciting the envy of their worthless neighbours.

LETTER XXXI.

PHILOCYMUS TO THESTYLLUS.

I Have never yet been to the metropolis, nor do I know what is meant by a city. I long to behold a new spectacle, to see men dwelling together in one place, and those other things in which a city differs from the country. If you have any business which calls you to town, come and take me with you. I think that it becomes me to extend my knowledge, as the hair is beginning to shew itself on my
O chin.

chin. Who can so properly be my introducer and instructor in the city as you, who are so frequently moving about within its gates.

LETTER XXXII.

SCOPIADES TO COTION.

THE deuce take it! Cotion. What a shocking thing is drunkenness!— I fell-in with a desperate drinking party; all were fond of liquor, and not one would drink with any moderation; but, as the bottle went round *, a punishment was

* *Bottle went round.*] The philosophers and poets of Greece abound with animated exclamations against the vice of drunkenness; it nevertheless appears to have been very common amongst the Athenians in particular. A curious fragment, preserved in Athenæus, informs us, that the Lydians first taught the intemperate circulation of the glass.

decreed to whoever should refuse his glass; they were at their own cost to entertain us on the following day. This happened three days since, but my head still aches, and I have the taste of wine in my mouth.

LETTER XXXIII.

ANTHYLLA TO CORISCUS.

STREAMS appear to flow back again * to their sources, since you, Coriscus, (who, together with myself, are now in so

* *Flow back again.*] A very common expression.—See the Medea of Euripides :

αὖν ποταμὸν ἰσθὺν χερσὶ παλάμῃ—

Xanthe, retro propera versæque recurrite lymphæ,
Sustinet Cænonem deseruisse Paris.—OVID.

See also the same author in his Tristia :

In caput alta suum labentur ab æquore retro
Flumina———

advanced an age, that we have got sons and grand-daughters) are in love with a dancing girl. Your ill treatment almost breaks my heart. I, who have lived with you in matrimony thirty years, am dishonoured; while a vile harlot, who pretends to what she does not possess, devours you and your lands. The young men laugh at you; yet you do not perceive yourself to be an object of ridicule. That old age should be the laughing stock of an harlot!

LET-

LETTER XXXIV.

GNATHO TO CALLICOMIDES.

YOU know Timon*, Callicomides, he of Colytta, the son of Eche crates. He was rich once, and lavished his wealth upon us parasites and the courtezans; but is now reduced to poverty.—Once too he was eminent for his urbanity; but now he is a misanthrope, and imitates the furliness of Apemantus.—He has taken possession of a field, from which he pelts passengers with clods, anxiously endeavouring to prevent any one coming near him, so much does he loath our common

* *Timon.*] The description here given of Timon precisely corresponds with that which is found in the *Timon, or Misanthrope*, of Lucian. Such also in every respect is the *Timon of Athens*, as described by our Shakespeare.

nature. The other Athenians, who are moderately rich, are meaner than Phidon and Griphon*. It is time for me to leave this place, and get a living by my industry. Take me, therefore, as an hired servant into your farm; I am prepared to endure every thing, if I may but fill this insatiable stomach.

LETTER XXXV.

THALLISCUS TO PETRÆUS.

HOW parched every thing is! not a cloud to be seen; we want rain exceedingly, which indeed is self-evident, from the furrows of the ploughed lands.---

* *Phidon and Griphon.*] Two misers introduced by Aristophanes in his plays.

Our

Our offerings to Jupiter Pluvius seem to be fruitless and neglected; nevertheless, the whole of our district have contended in making those offerings, each man as he could afford; one has sacrificed a ram, another a goat, a third some fruit, the poor man a cake*, and the poorer still his grains of incense. Nobody, indeed, has offered a bull; for we, who inhabit the mean soil of Attica, have no abundance of cattle. But all our expences avail nothing; Jupiter seems to be engaged with some other nation, and does not concern himself about us.

* *A cake.*] The meaner people amongst the Greeks offered to the Gods thin round cakes made of meal, honey, and oil.

LETTER XXXVI.

PRATINAS TO MEGALOTELES.

HOW very troublesome that soldier* was ever since he came in, which was late yesterday, when he unluckily took up his abode with us! He has persisted in deafening us with his stories, talking of battalions and phalanxes, of pikes and catapultas. Then he told us

* *That soldier.*] This seems to have been a common and favourite character with the Greek comic writers; see in particular the dialogue of Lucian, entitled *Leontichus*, *Cheridas*, and *Hymnis*.—*Leontichus* relates to *Hymnis*, a courtesan, his wonderful deeds; how he slew whole squadrons, running their leader and his horse through at one single thrust.—To which the lady replies, if you are such a terrible and surprizing man, I cannot bear the idea of embracing you. After which she departs abruptly.—The character here described resembles also, in some degree, the *Thraso* of *Terence*, and our *Bobadil*.

how

how he vanquished the Thracians, after he had run their leader through with his javelin; how he killed an Armenian with his pikestaff. After this, he made a parade and boast of his female captives, assigned him for plunder by his generals in reward of his bravery. I filled a large goblet and gave it him, hoping it would prove a cure for his loquacity; but he drank this, and many more and larger, but would not cease his prating.

LETTER XXXVII.

EPIPHYLLIS TO AMARACINA,

HAVING composed a garland of flowers, I went into the temple of Hermaphroditus *, meaning to hang it up

* *Hermaphroditus*.] "I conjecture," says Dr. Jortin, from this Epistle of Alciphron, that Hermaphroditus was con-

up in honour of my Alopian friend." I was suddenly surprized by a party of villainous young men prepared to molest me. They acted in conjunction with Moschion, who, as soon as I had lost the deceased Phædria, had commenced his designs upon me, wishing to marry me. This I refused, both out of regard to my little ones, and having the hero Phædria in my remembrance. But it seems that I only reserved myself for a more disgraceful amour, and was doomed to find a grove my bridal chamber. I was hurried into the thicket, in whose shades, upon a bed of flowers and leaves, I blush to say what he compelled me to endure. The injury I have sustained has procured me a husband, against my inclination indeed, but so it is. It is a happy thing not to experience those things

considered as the deity who presided over married people; the strict union between husband and wife being aptly represented by a deity, who was male and female inseparably blended together.

to which we are averse. When this cannot be, it is right to conceal our calamities.

LETTER XXXVIII.

EUDICUS TO PASION.

I Have a good-for-nothing Phrygian slave, who has turned out such in farming matters. I chose and bought him on the new moon, and therefore immediately gave him the name of Numerius*.—He appeared

* *Numerius.*] Literally a new moon man. It was the custom of the Athenians to buy and sell slaves at the commencement of the new moon. See the Knights of Aristophanes, v. 43.

The ancients generally had a superstitious prejudice with respect to the new moon, and thought it the most auspicious season

appeared to be strong, and of a lively countenance, and I therefore, with much satisfaction, took him to be with me at my farm. But he proves a great loss to me; he eats as much as four ditchers; he sleeps as much as I have heard the mad sophist declare one Epimenides* of Crete slept; or wants one night lengthened to three, as when Hercules was begotten. Tell me then, thou who art the dearest of my companions and assistants, what I shall do, having thrown away my money on such a beast.

season to commence a journey, a march, or business of any kind. We learn in Herodotus, that, in a crisis of particular danger and importance, the Lacedæmonians deferred the march of their troops till the new moon. Many allusions to this prejudice also occur in Scripture.—See Proverbs, vii. 20. 2 Kings, iv. 23.

“ And he said, wherefore wilt thou go to him to-day? it is neither *new moon*, nor sabbath.”

* *Epimenides*.] Of this person Plutarch, in his life of Solon, speaks at considerable length. The story here alluded to is related by Diogenes Laertius, Aulus Gellius, Pliny, and others. Fatigued with walking, he went into a cave, where he fell asleep, and did not awake till after a period of forty-seven years. Lucian, in his *Timon*, has this same expression,

LET.

LETTER XXXIX.

EUTHYDICUS TO EPIPHANIUS.

BY the Gods and Dæmons! mother, leave, I entreat you, for a short time, the rocks and fields, and come before you die and behold the charming things which are going on in the city. What have you not lost! the Haloa, the Apaturia, the Dionysia, and the present most sacred Thesmophorian festival. The first day was the ascension; to-day is appointed for the celebration of the fast; that which follows is distinguished by the sacrifice to Calligeneia*. If you make haste, you may

* *Calligeneia.*] Probably the same with Venus Genetrix, who was worshipped under that title in Greece, and afterwards in Rome, where the worship of this goddess was first introduced by Julius Cæsar.

come in to-morrow before the morning star is gone, and sacrifice along with the Athenian women. Come then; delay not, I entreat you by the safety of myself and my brethren. To die without any knowledge of the city would be abominable, it is beastly and hateful. Permit me, mother, since I speak for your advantage, to address you thus freely. To be ingenuous in conversation is a virtue in every character; but it is a matter of particular duty to speak the truth to those of our own family.

LET-

LETTER XL.

PHILOMETOR TO PHILISUS.

I Sent * my son to sell some wood and barley, charging him to return the same day, and bring the money: but the anger of some deity has totally changed his nature, and driven him out of his wits. He saw one of the mad people, who from their strange behaviour are called Cynics, and in imitation of him soon exceeded the extravagancies of his master. The appearance he makes is hideous and disgusting; he shakes his uncombed locks, his look is ferocious: as to his dress, he goes half

* *I sent.*] This letter will be found to bear a minute resemblance to the dialogue of Lucian called *Hermotimus*, and is very valuable for the lively picture it exhibits of the offensive appearance and unamiable manners of the Cynic.

naked, having a little wallet hanging before him, and a staff made of wild olive in his hands. He wears no shoes, is very filthy, and totally unmanageable; not acknowledging, but, indeed, avoiding us, his parents, and the country: he says that all things are produced naturally, and that our creation is caused by a mixture of elements, not by our parents. It is very evident that he despises money, and hates agriculture. He seems to have no sense of shame, and has banished from his countenance all traces of modesty. Oh, Agriculture! how would this sect of gloomy wretches trample you under foot. I blame Solon and Draco*, who judged those who stole grapes to be worthy of death; but

* *Draco.*] Draco was the most ancient Athenian Legillator, of whose ancient institutes those of Solon were improvements. The laws of Draco were remarkable for their extreme severity, they were greatly softened in this respect by Solon.—For a farther account of Draco, the reader may consult Aulus Gellius, Book II. and Suidas at the word Draco.

suffered

suffered those who lead away young men from the proper use of their understanding to escape unpunished.

LETTER XLI.

ARNADES TO MELIAS.

I Sent you the fleeces of such sheep as I had at Decelia shorn, whilst they were healthy. Those which had the rot I gave to my shepherd Pyrrhias, that he might do what he pleased with them before their disease entirely destroyed them. As you have, therefore, plenty of wool, make me some garments suitable to the different seasons. Let those which are for summer be light; the winter ones have a good woof, and be made thicker; that the
P former

former may by their lightness shade, without heating the body; the latter, by their closeness, keep out the cold; and be a defence against the wind. Let our virgin daughter, who is now marriageable, begin the weaving part along with the maids *, that when carried home to her husband she may not disgrace us her parents. Besides, you ought to know that they who love spinning, and the business of the loom, are distinguished by their chaste and modest conduct †.

* *With the maids.*] That this was the employment of the most exalted female characters in ancient times, is evident from all the more ancient writers. In the *Odyssey* the reader will find very animated and charming pictures of the Queen of Alcinous, in Phæacia, and of Penelope, in the particular situation here described.

† The French essay writer, Montaigne, asserts an opinion contrary to this, probably from caprice and prejudice, rather than from any foundation which it has been known to have, either in philosophy or fact.

LET-

L E T T E R XLII.

RHAGESTRANGISUS TO STAPHYLODÆMON.

I Am utterly undone. I, who was yesterday splendidly attired, am now obliged to hide my nakedness with mean pieces of haircloth. That cursed Patæcio has stripped me. You know I had plenty of money; but by a dexterous use of the dice he has got it all from me, to the very last farthing. When by putting up with the loss I had sustained I might have escaped a greater, irritated to a contest, I went on to the last extremity. Putting off one by one my garments, as I was challenged to do, I was finally deprived of the whole of my dress. Where must I go? The north wind blowing strong and bitterly, it pierces my sides like a dart. Perhaps I

may be admitted at the Cynosargis; and either some of the young men from pity will give me cloaths, or I shall take possession of the nearest chimney, and warm my miserable carcase. To those who are naked, fire and warmth must serve as a robe and cloak.

LETTER XLIII.

PSYCHOCLAUSTES TO BUCION.

THE day before yesterday, with shorn heads, I, and the parasites Struthio and Cynæthus, bathed in the bath of Serangium*, and about the fifth hour hastened to the suburb of Angela, where lives the

* *Serangium.*] This was a bath in the Piræus. See Meursius.

young Charicles. He received us gladly, like one who loves to be merry and to feast his friends. We entertained him and his guests, boxing one another's ears, singing loud songs, scattering our witty and facetious sayings with genuine Attic spirit. While the meeting was thus full of mirth and jollity, who should come in but that austere and ill-natured fellow Smicrines! A croud of domestics followed him, who attacked us on all sides. Smicrines himself first measures the back of Charicles with his staff; then, striking him on the face, carried him away like a common thief. As for us, at a signal from the old man, our hands were tied behind us; we had then more lashes on our backs than we could number with a thong* made of boars-skin, and were finally, at his command,

* *Thong.*] Horace in his second Satyr makes a distinction betwixt the rod used by the schoolmaster, and the whip used to punish slaves and criminals:

Nec scutica dignum horribili sectere flagello—

P 3

thrown

thrown into prison. If that kind-hearted Eudemus, one of the chief of the Areopagites, had not opened the doors of our prison, we should probably have been delivered to the executioner. So incensed against us was that severe and bitter old man, who did all in his power that, like so many homicides and sacrilegious rogues, we might be led to death.

LETTER XLIV.

GNATHO TO LICHORINAX,

WE are held in no greater estimation than if we were Megarians, or Ægeans*. At present Gryllion is the only man who rules the city, and to whom every door is open, as if he were

* *Megarians, &c.*] These people were often mentioned contemptuously by the ancient writers, particularly by Homer, Callimachus, and Theocritus. See Erasmi Adagia, Chil. II. Cent. I. 79; where the subject is treated at considerable length.

Crates.

Crates * the Theban. To me it seems, that by the aid of some old Theſſalian or Acarnanian witch he fascinates our foolish young men; for what talents does he possess, what agreeableness, or what humour? The Graces perhaps have viewed him with partial eyes, so that bread is placed before him to clean his hands †, which

* *Crates.*] See the life of this person in Diogenes Laertius. He was surnamed the opener of doors, because he entered every house without ceremony. He was a Cynic, but, according to Apuleius, the best of this sect; and therefore perhaps every door was readily opened to him.

† *To clean his hands.*] Anciently a piece of fine soft bread was placed before each guest at an entertainment, to clean the fingers with, which at the end of the feast was thrown to the dogs. Whence came the proverb "Canis vivens e Magdalia," concerning which consult Erasmus, Adag. XXIII. Chit. IV. Cent. I. where all the ancient authorities on this curious piece of antiquity are collected and explained.

See Bruce's Travels, vol. III. p. 302.

There are laid before every guest, instead of plates, round cakes, about as big as a pan-cake, and something thicker and tougher. Three or four of these cakes are generally put uppermost, for the food of the person opposite to whose seat they are placed. Beneath these are four or five of ordinary bread, and of a blackish kind. These serve the master to wipe his fingers upon; and afterwards the servant, for bread,

afterwards is thrown to us as to the dogs. Yet perhaps he has no powers of fascination, and is merely a lucky fellow. Fortune it is which prevails in all human concerns. In the affairs of men sagacity does nothing; fortune every thing: he who is fortunate is agreeable in himself, and universally esteemed so.

LETTER XLV.

TRAPEZOLICHON TO PSICHODIALECTA.

I Was exceedingly concerned, my dearest Psichion, at the accident which has happened to your face. If the matter really be as Lirione, at her return from the feast, related to me (I speak of the servant of Phyllis, the dancing girl), you have met with open war and destruction, without

out any military engines. I hear that the vile effeminate fellow broke a goblet on your head, the pieces of which wounded your nose and right cheek, so that the blood flowed from you in streams, such as the rocks of Gerania throw down. Who can bear these vile wretches, if for the food which they bestow on us we run the risk of our lives ! We fear death from famine, and we run an equal peril if our appetites are satisfied.

LETTER XLVI.

STEMPHYLOCHÆRON TO TRAPEZOCHARON.

HOW happy and fortunate have I been ! You will ask me by what means, perhaps ; but I will prevent your enqui-

enquiries. Our city, you know, celebrated the festival called Cureotis*. I was introduced at the feast for the amusement of the guests, and danced the Cordachis. The guests strove to outdo each other in drinking; and, continuing to do this, all were intoxicated. Sleep at length overpowered both guests and domestics. I cast my eyes about, to see if I could not filch some silver vessels; but these, whilst they were sober, they had taken care to remove out of sight, and place in security. So I took a napkin under my arm, and made such haste away, that in my flight I lost one of my shoes. You may see that it is of the best Ægyptian †, and of the purple

* *The Cureotis.*] This was the third day of the Apaturia.

† *Ægyptian.*] The linen of Ægypt was celebrated throughout the world. See on this subject the second Book of Herodotus. The fine linen of Ægypt is frequently mentioned in Scripture; though it should seem, from a careful examination of many Ægyptian mummies, that we should think at this day their finest linen very coarse, and inferior to the vilest now in use.

dye

dye of Hermione, remarkably fine, and curiously worked. If I can securely dispose of it, I will treat you at the house kept by Pithacion. We have often endured together the insults of drunken parties: having therefore been partaker of my ill-fortune, it is right that you should enjoy with me my better days.

LETTER XLVII.

HOROLOGIVS TO LACHANTHAUMASUS.

THANKS to Mercury the God of gain, and Hercules the averter of evils, I am safe and sound! but I have been in a terrible scrape. I had filched a silver goblet from the wealthy Phantias, and betaken myself to flight; it was deep midnight when I was making my escape. The
 dogs

dogs who guarded the door came suddenly upon me, with fierce and loud howlings, and, as if I had offended Diana *, I was within an inch of being torn in pieces by these Molossian and Cretan hounds †, so that not even a morsel of me would have been visible the next morning, if any compassionate person had wished to bury me. Meeting with a well which was not very deep, I plunged in and concealed myself.

* *Offended Diana.*] In allusion to the story of Actæon,

† *Molossian and Cretan hounds.*]

Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Molossū
 Pasce sero pingui : nunquam custodibus illis
 Nocturnum stabulis furem, incursusque luporum
 Aut impacatos a tergo horrebis Iberos.—

(VIRG. Gorg. III. 405.)

The Molossian dog was probably what we term a mastiff.

Horace has also the expression—

Simul domus alta Molossus
 Personuit canibus ———

Lucretius also observes, that the Molossian dog was remarkable for its loud barking. See Martyn's Virgil. The Gnosian hounds are celebrated by Oppian.

I even

I even now palpitate and tremble while I tell you. When the morning came, I saw them no more, they had ceased barking, and were tied up in the house. I ran instantly to the Piræus, and, meeting with a vessel of Sicily in the very act of loosing its cables, I sold my goblet to the pilot. Having disposed of my booty, I am now flush of money, and am returned a new rich man. So elevated are my hopes, that I am anxious to maintain some flatterers, and to have parasites instead of being one myself. But if ever I shall spend this money, I will again return to my former occupation. The dog * that has once learned to gnaw leather never will forget the trick.

* *The Dog, &c.*] Thus Horace:

Sic tibi Penelope frugi est, quæ si semel uno
De sene gustarit, tecum partita lucellum
Ut canis a Corio, nunquam absterrebitur uncto.

It was a proverbial expression, and is mentioned as such by Erasmus.

It is found in Theocritus also, and Lucian, and is of similar import with the Scripture phrase, "to return like the dog to his vomit."

LET-

LETTER XLVIII.

NEPHELOGLYPTES TO MAPPAPHASIUS.

THE Deuce take that fellow Licymnius, the Tragedian! I wish he was dumb*. Having by his powers of voice surpassed his competitors Critias of Cleone, and Hippasus of Ambracia, in the propompi† of Æschylus, he was greatly elated, and crowned with ivy gave an entertainment. I was one of the guests: but what evils have I not endured! Some of them lumped me on the scull, some threw fish-fauce into my eyes; and, while the rest were eating cakes

* *He was dumb.*] The word, in Bergler's edition, is *αφωρος*; but some manuscripts read *αχορος*, which means, "may he have no chorus to his plays;" and it is, I think, the preferable reading.

† *Propompi.*] Literally the chiefs. The tragedy of Æschylus here meant was not improbably the "Seven against Thebes."

made

made of milk, and of the finest Indian corn, I gnawed stones covered with honey. But the most mischievous of all was Hyacinthus of Phenea *, the little courtezan who lives in the Ceramicus. She, filling a bladder with blood, threw it at my head ; it burst with a great noise, and the contents streamed about me. Among the guests there was great and continued laughter. What I received in return for all this was far from an adequate reward. The compensation for what I suffered was the permission to fill my belly, but nothing more. May that Licymnius, hated of the Gods, have a short lease of his life ! I am determined that, on account of his disagreeable voice, he shall be called Orthocorydus† by us, and

* *Phenea*.] A town of Arcadia.

† *Corydus*.] Was a kind of Lark frequent at Athens, but held in no esteem.—Erasmus mentions the proverb :

Inter indoctos etiam Corydus sonat.—

The meaning of which is, he who is held in no esteem amongst the learned may be a great man amongst dunces.

by those who frequent the Theatre.—
Farewell.

LETTER XLIX.

CAPHNOSPHRANTES TO ARISTOMACHUS.

THOU Dæmon, who rulest over my
destiny, how cruel art thou! how
dost thou torment me, chaining me down
to poverty! If nobody will invite me, I
must eat wild olives* and shell-fish, and fill

* *Wild Olives.*]

Si nusquam es forte vocatus
Ad cænam, laudas securum olus.

Hor.

And again :

Si pranderet olus patienter, regibus uti
Nollet Aristippus—si sciret regibus uti
Fastidiret Olus—

Hor.

my

my belly with the waters of Enneacrunus*. As long indeed as this body of mine could endure ill usage, while full of youth and vigour my nerves supported me, an insult might be borne: but now that my hair is turning grey, and what remains of it looks towards old age, what is to heal my calamities? I must get a Bœotian rope †, and will hang myself before the Dipylon gate ‡, unless Fortune contrive for me some advantage. Yet, if she continues unkind, I am determined not to hang myself till I have had a rich and plentiful feast. Before long, namely, before the new moon

* *Enneacrunus.*] The fountain of Callirhoe, called Enneacrunus, from its having nine mouths, *Ennea* meaning nine, and *crunus* a spring.

† *Bœotian Rope.*] The reader will observe that these parasites frequently talk of making away with themselves; but suicide was a crime never heard of in Athens.

‡ *Dipylon.*] The largest gate in Athens; the different gates are enumerated and described particularly by Meursius, in his "*Athenæ Atticæ.*"

of the month Pyanepsion*, the famous nuptials of Charitus and Leocrates will be celebrated. I shall surely be invited, if not to the first day, at least to the second. Marriage feasts require chearful companions, and parasites. Without us, all entertainments are stupid and dull, and assemblies of hogs rather than men.

LETTER L.

BUCOPNICTES TO ANTOPICTA.

I Cannot bear to see Zeuxippe, that infamous prostitute, treat a young man so ill. He not only expended upon her gold and silver, but houses and farms. But

* *Pyanepsion.*] This month corresponded with our October.—There was a festival at Athens of this name. See Potter.

she contrives to inflame him more and more, pretends to be fond of a young man of Eubœa, that having ruined this admirer, she may turn her love elsewhere. I am quite beside myself when I see the immense wealth which the deceased Lyfias and Phanistrate left him, thus running away; what they scraped together by farthings, this vulgar, odious woman squanders at once. I am concerned a great deal for the young man: when he first came to his fortune, he shewed much kindness to us; but our influence with him I perceive is decaying fast. If he lavishes all his property upon her, how charmingly, ye Gods! we shall fare. Philebus you know is not over wise. To us parasites he was always mild and good-natured, and much better pleased with songs and merriment than with treating us ill.

LETTER LI

LÆMOCYCLUS TO IPHICREOLABA.

BEHOLD, from the streams of Eurotas, Lerna, and Pirene, still attached to Callirhoe, I return from Corinth to Athens. The luxuries here by no means please me: I am anxious to leave the place and hasten to you. The table companions here are disagreeable to sit down with; their greatest delight consists in acts of rudeness and violence; better, therefore, is it to eat the figs and raisins of Attica, than be torn in pieces for their gold. What new inventions they practise! making people drink standing on one leg; pouring hot wine* down their throats,

* *Pouring hot wine, &c.*] Horace describes great men as making their dependants drunk, from a very different motive;

throats, without any mixture of water;
 then they throw us the offals and refuse,
 just as if we were dogs; break their canes
 over our heads; and, by way of jest,
 striking us with whips and throngs.
 Goddess Minerva, Guardian of our City,
 may it be my fate to live and die at Athens!
 I would rather have my dead body trodden
 upon before the gate of Diomedis, or those
 of the Hippadæ, beneath an humble tent,
 than live in the Peloponnese, though in
 prosperity,

to make experiment of their fidelity, not to divert
 themselves with their extravagancies—

Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis

Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborant

An sit amicitia digous.—

LETTER LII.

COPADION TO EVENISSUS.

I Care not, let those hot-headed fellows
 Gronthon and Sardanapalus do what
 they please. I can never be an associate in
 a profligate action; I would have nothing
 to do with it, though the Oracle of Do-
 dona* were to attempt to persuade me of
 its utility. It is very seldom that we find
 in young people a disposition prudent, faith-
 ful, and rational. The affair, therefore,
 is by no means to be avoided. They want
 to seduce the mistress of a house-keeper,
 and their scheme is already begun; and not

* *Oracle of Dodona.*]

Hæc mihi si Delphi, Dodonaque diceret ipsa,
 Esse videretur vanus uterque Deus— OVID.

satisfied

satisfied with gratifying their lust, they mean to plunder the house piece-meal of its contents. It may perhaps for a time be kept secret; but some prating neighbour, or whispering slave, will sooner or later disclose the matter; and the consequence will be, that after imprisonment, chains, and torture, hemlock or the pit * will be their portion. They who attempt a crime so atrocious as this will suffer an adequate punishment.

* *Hemlock or the Pit.*] Two modes of capital punishment in use among the Athenians. The Pit, or Barathrum, was a deep place, into which criminals being precipitated, were left to perish miserably.

LETTER LIII.

ACRATOLYMAS TO CHONICRATUS.

YESTERDAY, while Cario was employed at the well, I slipped into the kitchen. I saw a dish full of exquisite fare, a roasted pullet, some oil, in which was some delicate fish and small birds; I stole it. Running away with it, I sought where to go, that I might eat it by myself: not finding a convenient place, I went to the painted porch, where, as there were none of those prating Philosophers, I enjoyed my booty. Lifting my eyes from my dish, I saw one of those young men approaching who pass their time at the gaming table. In alarm I threw my meat behind me, and, reclining on the ground, endeavoured to conceal my theft. I implored the Gods to avert this tempest from
 7 me,

me, promising them grains of incense, which I have at home, collected from the altars, though in a state of decay: my prayers were not in vain. The Gods directed his feet some other way. I immediately swallowed what remained, giving to a tavern-keeper, who was my friend, the dish, the oil, and such fragments as I could not eat. I then departed, leaving, from the present which I made, the name of a generous fellow behind me.

LETTER LIV.

CHYTROLICTES TO PATELLOCHARON.

WHY do I lament, you will ask, how came I by my broken head, or why do I wear this fine coat all torn to rags? Why, I have been a successful gambler, which

which I wish had never happened. Infirm as I am, what business had I to contend with vigorous and strong young men. As soon as I had got all the money, and left my adversaries without a single piece of silver, they all fell upon me; some beat me with their fists, some pelted me with stones, others tore my cloaths. I nevertheless kept fast hold of my money, wishing to die rather than give up to them any thing of what I had got. I resisted for a time, obstinately bearing their blows, and their twisting of my fingers; and I was like any Spartan, who is flagellated at the Altar of Diana *. But yet it was not at Lacedæmon that I suffered this treatment; but at Athens, and by the most profligate gamblers in the place. Overcome at length, I resigned to the scoundrels what they wanted. They, however, examined every

* *Altar of Diana.*] It constituted part of the discipline of Sparta, to flagellate the young men with extreme severity, in order to make experiment of their fortitude.

part of me, and taking what they found, left me. I thought it better to live without money, than die with it.

LETTER LV.

AUTOCLETUS TO HETÆMARISTUS.

LITTLE or nothing* do those solemn gentry, who prate so much about what is honest and virtuous, differ from

* *Little or nothing.*] Upon this letter much might be written. It bears so minute a resemblance in all respects to the Dialogue of Lucian, called the Banquet of the Philosophers, that either Lucian must have borrowed his ideas of Alciphron, or Alciphron of Lucian. I do not mean to enter farther into the discussion of this question than I have already done in the preface to this book. It is sufficient to remark, that the English reader will, in this place, find the external appearance and domestic manners of the different philosophic sects accurately represented,

the meanest. I speak of those who make money by lecturing our young men. What an entertainment did you lose, when Sca-monides celebrated the birth-day of his daughter! Having invited no small number of those who are deemed to be the wealthiest and most illustrious in Athens, he thought that he must also adorn his meeting with Philosophers. Amongst others was present Eteocles, the Stoic; that old fellow, whose beard is so long, who is meanly clad, bare-headed, decrepit, and with a forehead more wrinkled than leather. Themistagoras the Peripatetic was also there, a man of no ungraceful appearance, with a grey and curling beard. There came too Zenocrates, the Epicurean, having a venerable beard, and his hair carefully adorned, to whom, by unanimous consent, the term celebrated was applied. Add to these, Archibius, the Pythagorean; he was remarkably pale, his hair flowing from his crown rested on his breast; his beard was long, terminating in a point; his

his nose was turned up, his lips flat, as voluntarily compressed, and expressive of the silence of his sect. On a sudden in rushed Panorates, the Cynic, rudely intruding himself, to the molestation of many, leaning on his holm-tree staff*; this, instead of knots, was distinguished by lumps of brass; he had also an empty wallet, ready to carry away the broken meat. All the other guests, from the beginning to the end of the feast, preserved order and regularity. But the Philosophers, as the entertainment went on, and the friendly

* *Staff.*] A staff of the kind here described was the peculiar distinction of the sect of the Cynics. We frequently read of the staff or sceptre worn by way of ornament, or carried for use and support, decorated occasionally with gold or brass. In the *Iliad* Achilles throws on the ground his sceptre, studded with gold.

He spoke, and furious hurled against the ground
His sceptre, starred with golden studs around.

See also Virgil, *Eclog. V.*

At tu fume pedum, quod me, cum sæpe rogares,
Non tulit Antigeres, et erat tum dignus amari
Fermosum paribus nodis atque ære. —

glass

glass was circulated, began, all and each of them their extraordinary behaviour; Ereocles, the Stoic, on account of his age, and because he had drank too much, stretched himself at full length, and snored aloud; the Pythagorean, breaking through his silence, sung the "Golden Verses" to some set tune; the excellent Themistagoras, who, according to the Peripatetic doctrine, places happiness not in the mind or body only, but in outward advantages, asked for more good things, and a greater variety of dainties; Zenocrates, the Epicurean, drew a dancing girl to his side, embraced her closely, and looking at her with soft and wanton eyes, called her the appeaser of the flesh, and the very centre of delight; the Cynic *, with brutal

infern-

* *Cynic.*] Many learned men are of opinion, that the name of Cynics was given to this sect from their making no scruple of practising publicly in the streets and temples the shameless behaviour which is here described. See Lactantius de falsa sapientiâ, c. XV.

insensibility, proceeded to the extremest indecencies with Doris the singer, justifying his behaviour from the principles of his sect. Thus you see we parasites were of no account; and none of them who were invited, displayed their talents to promote merriment: yet Phæbiades, the player on the lute, was there; as were the mimics Sannyrio and Philistiades; but all in vain. Neither was there any thing worth looking at, for the follies of these schoolmen prevailed over every thing else.

Quid ego de Cynicis loquar? quibus in propatulo colre cum conjugibus mos fuit. Quid mirum, si à canibus quorum vitam imitantur, etiam vocabulum nomenque traxerunt!

It is more probable that this appellation was given them from the uniform impudence of their behaviour. The reader will remember the insolent surliness with which Diogenes treated Alexander the Great; and of this Diogenes, Ælian remarks, Var. Hist. XIII. 26, that he was not fit company for any body.

LET-

LETTER LVI.

THYMBROPHAGUS TO CYPELISTA.

YOU praise yourself without reason.
 Your person and manners are marked
 by insolence, like Pythocles* in the proverb:
 yet you come in for your share of feasts.
 Cease then every day to fill your wallet full
 of fragments, in imitation of Harpades the
 Grammarian, who is reputed to have quoted
 a sense from Homer singularly applicable to
 his own rapacity—

We should drink and eat, and then carry
 something away †.

* *Pythocles.*] This is one among the very few ancient
 proverbs not to be found in the *Adagia* of Erasmus.—

† *We should drink.*] It is no want of candour to observe,
 that of this line Pope takes no manner of notice in his ver-
 sion of the *Odyssey*. It is part of the speech of Eumæus
 to Ulysses. *Odys.* xv. 377.

Forbear,

Forbear, I say, and lay aside your insolence, you miserable wretch, or you must very soon be kicked naked out of doors.

LETTER LVII.

OENOLALUS TO POTEROPHLYARUS.

HAVING drunk more than I ought, I ridiculed Zopyrus, the tutor of our young master. From that time, having his ears constantly filled with accusations of us, he is become less liberal to us, and more sparing at his table. He used formerly, upon high-days, to send me a cloak, or a vest of some kind or other; but lately, at the Saturnalia, he sent me, by Dromo, a pair of new shoes. The servant was angry at his employment, and wanted to be paid for his trouble. I in the mean

R time

time am horridly chagrined; I bite my offending tongue, and too late am sensible of my fault. When words are permitted to flow, without the previous exercise of the judgement, blunders and mischief must ensue. Farewell.

L E T T E R L V I I I .

ALOCUMINUS TO PHILONÆLADIUS.

I Do not care for you, though you threaten to talk of me, and patch up scandalous stories concerning me. The Ilian soldier, who maintains me, is a man of plain manners and simple integrity. At present he is so far from being jealous with respect to lovers, that lately, when the conversation at table fell on this subject, he uttered many

many reproaches against those addicted to this passion. He asserted that married women ought to be careful of their domestic concerns, and live a pure and chaste life; but that courtezans might be considered as common property, subject to the will of whoever noticed them. Just as the baths and porticos were for common use, though nominally and individually distinguished; so are courtezans, who profess themselves to be such. As I know, therefore, that your accusations will all be in vain, I have no care, nor do I bite my lip that I may receive no injury, as they do who pass by the silent hero *. This man is not one of

* *The silent hero.* The text is here perplexed, and probably corrupt. Perhaps, says Bergler, Harpocrates is here meant. He was the deity of silence, and is usually represented with his finger on his lips. To bite the lip was a common expression. It occurs in Homer, *Odyss.* 20. Pope translates the passage thus:

Awed by the Prince, so haughty, brave, and young,
Rage gnawed the lip, &c.

the Athenian youths, swelling with pride; but a foldier and a warrior. With him flattery and scandal will have no influence; and he who refuses to listen to calumny must be hated by those who calumniate.

common property, subject to the will of whoever noticed them. Just as the baths and porticoes were for common use, though nominally and individually distinguished;

LETTER LIX.

LIMENTERUS TO AMASSETUS.

I With to go to one of those who put out signs at the temple of Jacchus, and profess to interpret dreams, and giving them the two drachmæ which you know I possess, desire them to explain to me the vision which I saw in my sleep. It will not be amiss to relate to you, as a friend, this strange and unaccountable vision. I seemed in my dream to be a handsome young fellow, of no common rank; but he

he of Ilium, the beloved and the beautiful
 Ganymede, the son of Tros. I had a
 shepherd's crook, and a pipe; my head
 was adorned with a Phrygian turban, and I
 was feeding a flock on Ida. Suddenly
 there flew towards me a large eagle with
 his crooked claws, his look was fierce and
 his beak bent. He took me up in his
 talons from the rock where I was sitting,
 and raising me in the air carried me to the
 skies. Just as I was about to approach the
 portals, where the Hours * are stationed,
 stricken by a thunder bolt, I fell down
 again. The bird no longer appeared to be
 a large eagle descending from the clouds,

* *Where the Hours.]*

Heaven's gates, spontaneous, open to the powers,
 Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours;
 Commissioned, in alternate watch they stand,
 The Sun's bright portals and the Skies command,
 Involve in clouds th' eternal gates of day,
 Or the dark barrier rule with ease away.

Iliad V. Pope's Version.

but a filthy vulture; while I became again poor Limeterus, without a rag to cover me, naked as when prepared for the bath or the Palæstra. Roused, as you may suppose, by such a tumble, I awoke. I still tremble at what I saw; and I must learn, from those who judge of those matters, what the dream portends, if any one does really know, and knowing, will tell me the truth.

LETTER LX.

CHASCOBUCE TO HYPNOTRAPEZUS.

I Have not again visited Corinth. I soon learned the viciousness of its rich inhabitants, and the misery of its poor. At mid-day, when the time of the bath was over,

over, I saw several young men, of a gay and chearful appearance, sauntering, not to their homes, but about the Cranium, and particularly where bread and fruit are sold. There, with their eyes fixed on the ground, one picked up pea-husks; another nut-shells, which he carefully examined, to see if an atom of what was eatable remained; a third snatched at the core of a pomegranate, which he picked with his nails, trying to find a seed; and many gathered up the crumbs of bread, which had been trodden upon again and again, and greedily devoured them. Such is the entrance to the Peloponnese, and such the city which lies betwixt the two seas, elegant, indeed, in its appearance, and possessed of many luxuries, but inhabited by a stupid and unamiable people. They say, indeed, that Venus, emerging from Cythera, saluted the citadel of Corinth; but probably Venus is only protectress of the acelq with regard to the women,

whilst the men are under the influence of famine *.

* *Under the influence of famine.*] After the defeat of Xerxes, at Salamis, Themistocles made application to many of the islands, for a supply of money under various pretences. To that of Andros, in particular, he represented that the people under his command were impelled to apply to them for money by the two powerful deities Persuasion and Necessity. They refused what he so modestly solicited, telling him that their island was under the influence of two deities equally powerful, Poverty and Weakness. See Herodotus, book VIII.

In like manner we often see the virtues and vices, and indeed every mental quality, good as well as bad, personified amongst the ancients, and either deified or venerated as the powerful agents of the superior deities. See the *Promethæus Vinculus* of Æschylus, where Power and Strength are introduced as immortal agents and servants of Jupiter.

LET-

LETTER LXI.

HYDROSPHRANTES TO MERIDA,

OH Hercules*, what have I endured in cleansing myself, with soap and Chalastræan nitre, from the filth of that rich sauce which was thrown over me yesterday! The thing itself does not vex me so much as the indignity of it. I am the son of Anthemion, one of the richest men in Athens: and my mother Axiothea boasts her descent from Megacles. The fel-

* *Hercules.*] Bergler tells us, in his note, that Hercules was probably invoked on this occasion from the circumstance of his having cleansed the Augean stable. This to me seems very far-fetched; it is more easily explained from the fact of his being invoked on every occasion, where immediate interposition was required. From this principle, he, with Mercury, was classed among the *Dii Ayerrunci*, or *Averruncetores*, of the Romans. Of this Chalastræan Nitre, Pliny speaks, book XXXI, c. XVIII. It was of a very excellent quality.

low who thus insulted me is the son of some mean wretch; and his mother was a barbarous Scythian, or Colchian purchased in the market. This I have been told by people of consequence. Yet here am I in a sordid garment, all my patrimony gone, happy if I can pick up what will barely satisfy hunger. While Do-
 siades, oh, ye Gods! harangues in the Pnyx*, ranks with the judges of the Heliaea, and has authority over that people by whom Miltiades, the hero of Marathon, was punished; and Aristides, the Just, banished. Above all other things, the loss of my proper name distresses me. My ancestors called me Polybius; Fortune has changed this to Hydrosphrantes, by which I am known amongst my fellow-labourers.

* *Pnyx.*] A place in Athens near the Citadel, and one of the three places where regular assemblies of the people were held. The other two were the forum and theatre of Bacchus,

LET

LETTER LXII.

CHIDROLEPISUS TO CAPHYROSOPHRANTA.

YOU know why these women are so incensed against me. An old female slave lately abused me, bidding me go to the Devil for a troublesome babbler as I was. They have a secret amongst them which they keep closer than the Eleusinian mysteries; and want me, who know every thing, to appear to know nothing; or that we should hear, but not believe. I, however, know every circumstance, and will soon tell my master. I should be sorry to be worse than dogs, which bark in defence of those who feed them. It is an adulterer who ruins our family, a young man of Elis, one of the Olympian charmers. To him every day are sent *billets-doux*, inscribed with the
hand

hand of our master's wife, with half withered flowers, and bitten apples. These she-devils are privy to the whole, and amongst the rest this old worn-out dame, whom the rest of the servants call Empusa, because she has a hand in every thing. I can hold my peace no longer, I would on this occasion prove not a parasite, but a friend: besides this, I burn to be revenged on them. I very well know, that when this matter is discovered, the women will be tied by the heels, and the adulterer suffer the customary punishment* of his crime. My mistress will receive the due reward of her wantonness, unless our Lycicles be more stupid in these matters than the hump-backed Poliagrus; for he, making his wife's lovers pay for their amours, permitted them to escape without further punishment.

* *Punishment.*] This at Athens was impalement, a most horrid severity, which is practised at this day amongst the Turks.

L E T.

LETTER LXIII.

PHILOMAGIUS TO PINACOSPONGUS.

WHAT is it that these cursed court-
 zans will not perpetrate! They are
 in league with my mistress, of which Phæ-
 drias is totally ignorant. Five months after
 she was married, this woman brought forth
 a boy. Putting him in a cradle, with
 some bracelets, and other things, by which
 he might be known, they gave him to
 Asphalion, the labourer, to be exposed.*

on

* *To be exposed.* This crime of exposing children is as
 ancient as History itself. From the first introduction of
 Christianity it began to decrease, and we do not know that
 it is any where at this time practised, except in China.
 See Gibbons's celebrated XVth chap. "There is some rea-
 son likewise to believe, that great number of infants, who,
 according to the inhuman practice of the times, had been
 exposed by their parents, were frequently rescued from
 death, baptized, educated, and maintained, by the piety

of

on the top of Parnes. We in the mean time must conceal the deed, and hitherto I have; but silence is the food of resentment. But if they shall be ever so little in their airs, calling me, by way of reproach, flatterer and parasite, and heaping injuries and insults upon me, Phædrias shall know every thing.

LETTER LXIV.

TURDOSYNAGUS TO EPHALLOCYTHRA.

CRITON, either from his stupidity or from dotage, has sent his son to a Philosopher's school. He has chosen, in of the Christians, and at the expence of the public treasure."

See also note to this passage.

About three thousand new-born infants are annually exposed in the streets of Pekin.

pre-

preference to all the other Philosophers, as the properest tutor for his son, that severe and morose old man from the painted porch; that, instructed by him in certain perplexing arguments, he may turn out a cavilling and contentious coxcomb. The son has most faithfully copied his master, not only having learned his sayings, but imitated his life and manners. Seeing that his preceptor during the day was grave and severe, and rigid towards the young men, but in the night, covering his head with a thick veil, frequented the brothels*; he has nobly imitated him. Three days ago he

* *The brothels.*] Thus Juvenal describes the abandoned wife of Claudius:

Sumere nocturnos meretrix Augusta cucullos,
Linquebat comite ancillâ non amplius unâ,
Sed nigrum flavo crinem abscondente galero,
Intravit calidum veteri centone lupanar †.

† Muffled she marched, like Juno in a cloud,
Of all her train but one poor wench allowed,
One whom in secret service she could trust,
The rival and companion of her lust,
To the known brothel-house she takes her way, &c.

DRYDEN.

was

was smitten by Acalanthis of the Cerami-
cus, and now he raves for her. But she
happens to be partial to me, and confesses
this attachment. She knows the young
man's passion, but has resisted his attempts.
She declares that he shall have nothing to
do with her, unless I consent, making me
the arbiter of his destiny. Oh, Venus * !
that presidest over the profession, bestow on
this woman every blessing, for she behaves
to me, not like a courtesan, but a dear friend.
Since that period splendid presents have
poured in upon me; and if this should in
process of time improve, why should not I,
at some future period, release Acalanthis
from her servile condition, and make her
my wife. She, from whom I enjoy life,
ought to share its comforts with me.

* *Ob Venus!* Venus Popularis. It was
Theseus who first introduced the worship of Venus under
this appellation at Athens. Consult also Xenophon,
Sympos. c. 8, 9; where he makes Socrates say, among
other things, that the worship of Venus Urania was chaste
and honourable, that of Venus Popularis not so. See also
the *Memoire sur la Venus*, by Larcher, page 77, 8, and 9.

LETTER LXV.

MISOGNIPHUS TO RHIGOMACHUS.

THIS vessel from Histiæa has brought us great good fortune. It is stationed off the port, and has brought to Athens this great merchant, who makes the richest and most liberal of our Athenians appear mean and paltry, so munificently does he use his purse. He does not invite one parasite only, but all our fraternity; and not us alone, but the most expensive courtezans, the most elegant singing girls, and, in short, every one of the actors. He is not spending his paternal property, but money which he has honestly obtained himself. He delights in being surrounded by musical performers; he promotes mirth with good taste, and offers rudeness to no one. His person is most agreeable, and his counte-

S

nance

nance seems animated by the presence of the Hours themselves; persuasion revels you may say in his eyes, in his mirth he is unaffected, in his conversation eloquent; so that the muse seems to have poured nectar upon his lips*, to speak in the words of those who pursue literary employments. Whoever is born at Athens must necessarily know something of these matters.

* *Nectar upon his lips.*]

Dulcia barbæ

Lædentem oscula, quæ Venus

Quinta parte sui nectaris imbuit.

Hor.

LET.

LETTER LXVI.

GYMNOCHÆRON TO PHAGODÆTA.

YOU have witnessed the treatment I received from that vile barber; he that lives by the road-side; a prating, babbling fellow; who offers his Abrotesian mirrors for sale, who tames jackdaws, and who makes a rude kind of tune with his knives and razors. As soon as I went to him, desiring to be shaved, he received me civilly, placed me in a high chair, and put a clean napkin round me. Then he proceeded, gently enough, to draw his razor along my cheek, taking off my thick beard; but in this he was cunning and mischievous; for he did it partially, and not over my whole face, so that some part of it was rough, and part smooth. I, unconscious of the trick he had played me,

went as usual without invitation to the house of Pasio. When the guests saw me, they were ready to die with laughter. I continued ignorant of the cause of their mirth, till one of them, coming forward into the middle of the room, plucked at the hair which was left. These, with great pain, I at length got rid of, by means of a knife. I have prepared a stout club to break this scoundrel's scull. What they do who maintain us, this fellow has had the impudence to attempt, from whom I never got a farthing.

LETTER LXVII.

DIPSAPHAUSILYPUS TO PLACENTAMYON.

AT first sight of Neuris, the basket girl*, whose arms and whose fingers are so white and beautiful; whose spark-

* *The basket girl.*] The term in Greek is *καθηφορυσαν*, or one who carries a basket in sacred solemnities.

ling

ling eyes, good figure, complexion, and blooming cheeks, are so exquisitely charming. I was so overcome by passion, that, forgetting who I was, I ran eagerly to kiss her lips; but, recollecting myself, I hesitated, and would have kissed her very footsteps. Fool that I was, I could not be satisfied truly with peas, beans, and pulse; but, drunken with luxuries, I must love what is so much above my reach. Do, all of you, overwhelm me beneath a heap of stones, before I am consumed by my desire; and let me have, as a lover's tomb, a hill of pebbles.

LETTER LXVIII.

UDYDYPNUS TO ARISTOCORACUS.

YE good Gods, continue to befriend me !
 What mischief have I escaped from
 those thrice-cursed gluttons, who wanted
 to throw over me a caldron of boiling
 water ! I saw what they were preparing,
 and jumped out of the way. They threw
 it at random, and the boiling liquor falling
 over Bathyllus the waiter quite flayed him :
 not a bit of skin is left on his head, and
 great blisters are raised on his back. Sure
 some one of the Gods protected me ! Was
 it the Dioscuri*, who preserved Simonides,
 son

* *Dioscuri.*] These were Castor and Pollux. The story of Simonides is this : he was at a banquet, when somebody came to tell him that two young men in the street wanted to speak with him. He went out ; and at that moment the roof of the house fell in, and destroyed all who were beneath it.

son of Leopropes, at the Cranonian banquet, and also saved me from the boiling fluid?

LETTER LXIX.

TRICHINOSARAX TO GLOSSOTRAPEZUS.

I Have made Mnesilochus of Pæania acquainted with his wife's gaiety. He, instead of sifting and examining the matter to the bottom, by various means, like a spirited fellow, was satisfied with making his wife take her oath. The woman, having conducted him to the well of Cal-

it. The two young men were supposed to be Castor and Pollux, and from this fact Simonides was considered as the inventor of local memory. He remembered the place where each person sat, and thus was enabled to point out the mutilated bodies of the deceased to their several friends.

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lichorus,

lichorus*, in Eleufis, took her oath, and was acquitted. Her husband was fatisfied, and has thrown away all fufpicion. For my part, I am ready to have my tongue cut out, with any fhell from Tenedos, by whoever will undertake the office.

LETTER LXX.

LIMOPYSTES TO THROSO CYDOEMUS.

I Had formed a flight acquaintance with Corydon the farmer. He frequently exercifed his wit upon me, having all the Attic loquacity, and more forwardnefs than is ufually found in one of his condition.

* *Callichorus.*] This was a well at Eleufis, round which the women danced in the Eleufinian feftivals. Women fufpected of infidelity to their husbands were obliged to teftify their innocence at this well.

Having

Having well observed him, I conceived, as I thought, a lucky idea: believing that I could not do better than, leaving the city, and its disquietudes, betake myself to the country, and there pass, with my friend, a life of labour indeed, but of tranquillity, not looking for dishonest gain from legal decisions, or from uttering calumnies in the forum*, but waiting patiently for the fruits of the earth. Having once determined to adopt this measure, I connected myself more closely with Corydon, and having assumed a rustic dress, with my sheepskin vest and my spade, I appeared a very ditcher. As long as I did this for amusement I could bear it, conceiving that I had obtained a happy deliverance from insults, blows, and humiliating invitations of the rich; but when, from daily habit, I found myself as it were

* *In the Forum.*] A suspicion seems to be prompted by this passage, that, amongst other means by which the parasites obtained a livelihood, that of giving evidence in courts of judicature was one.

acting under compulsion, and obliged either to plough, to weed, to dig, or to plant, my situation became intolerable ; I repented of my folly, and longed to return to the city. Returning, therefore, after a long interval of absence, I was not received as formerly, nor commended for my pleasantry ; but I was deemed a rude, clumsy, vulgar, mountaineer ; so that the houses of the rich were at last all shut against me, and famine was continually at my door. Oppressed from the want of the common necessaries of life, I joined myself to a band of Megarian banditti, who lay wait for passengers near the Scironian rocks, and I have now food in plenty without labour. Whether I shall long preserve this mode of life undiscovered, is precarious and uncertain ; such a change as I have adopted commonly tends, not to a man's safety, but destruction.

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LETTER LXXI.

PHILAPORUS TO PSICHOMACHUS.

LEXIPHANES, the comic poet, seeing me exposed to those insults which we are obliged to submit to, from drunken guests, called me to him. He first cautioned me from pursuing such a conduct as brought this ill treatment upon me; he then told me, that with the talents which I possessed I might, after a few lessons, be admitted amongst the Comedians, where I might get my livelihood. He desired, after taking proper pains with myself against the next feast of Bacchus, I should prepare to make my appearance in the character of a slave. I, who was rather advanced in life, and whose nature and habits were determined, appeared dull and unpliant. But, as I had no alternative, I

learned

learned my part, and when I shall have studied and practised what I have to do, shall make my appearance with the company. Do you and our common friends be ready to applaud me, so that, though I may falter a little, our young citizens may have no opportunity to hoot and hiss me. Let the noise of the clapping* overcome that of disapprobation.

* *Clapping.*] The description here given of the first appearance of an actor, or rather of his preparation to appear, does not perhaps materially differ from what is frequently the practice of our modern times.

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L E T T E R LXXII.

CENOCHÆRON TO RAPHANOCHORTASUS.

NOT even they who had defaced landmarks*, or profaned the Eleusinian mysteries, could have so much to dread as I had, having fallen, oh ye Gods! into the hands of that accursed Phanomacha. Since she found that her husband was attached to that Ionian girl, who plays tricks with balls and the lamps, she has suspected that I was accessory to the intrigue. By means of her domestics she got hold of me, and put me instantly in irons. The next day she carried me before her father, the morose Cleænetus, the chief of

* *Land-mark.*] This was an Hermes, a figure of Mercury, to deface or remove which must always have been considered as an enormous offence. According to the Mosaic Dispensation, they who committed this crime were accursed.

the

the Synedrium, and one revered by all the Areopagites. But when the Gods wish to preserve any one, they can take him from the very pit itself*, as they did me from the three-headed dog †, who they say is the guard of Tartarus. The severe old man had not spoken against me to the senate, when he was taken with a fever, and expired in the morning. He now lies dead, and his domestics are preparing to bury him. I, from my swiftness of foot, have escaped. I owe my security, not to the son of Maia, the daughter of Atlas, but to my feet and my resolution.

* *The very pit.*] The Barathrum, or pit of punishment before described.

† *Dog.*] Cerberus.

F I N I S.



